SB46

Scrap Book

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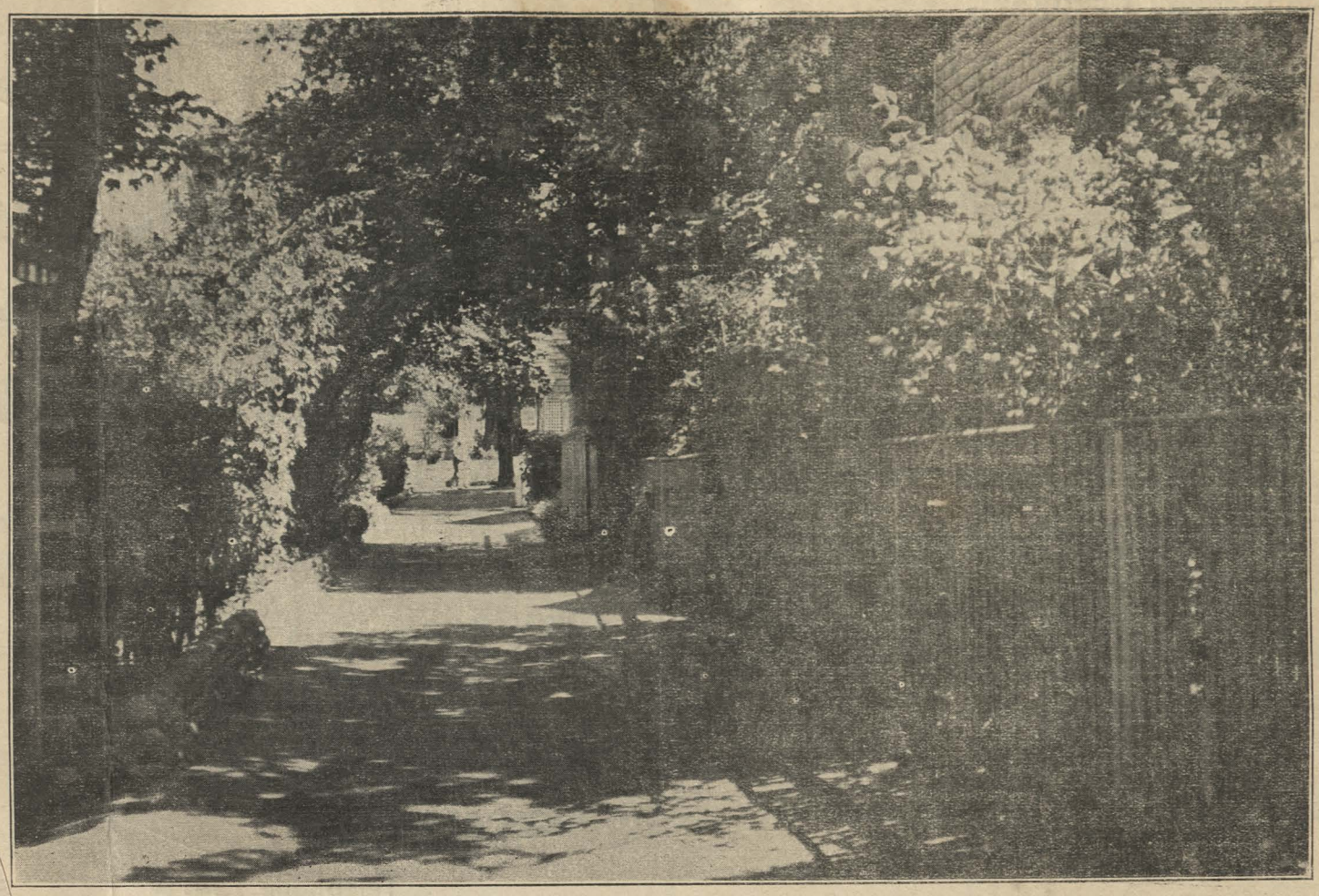
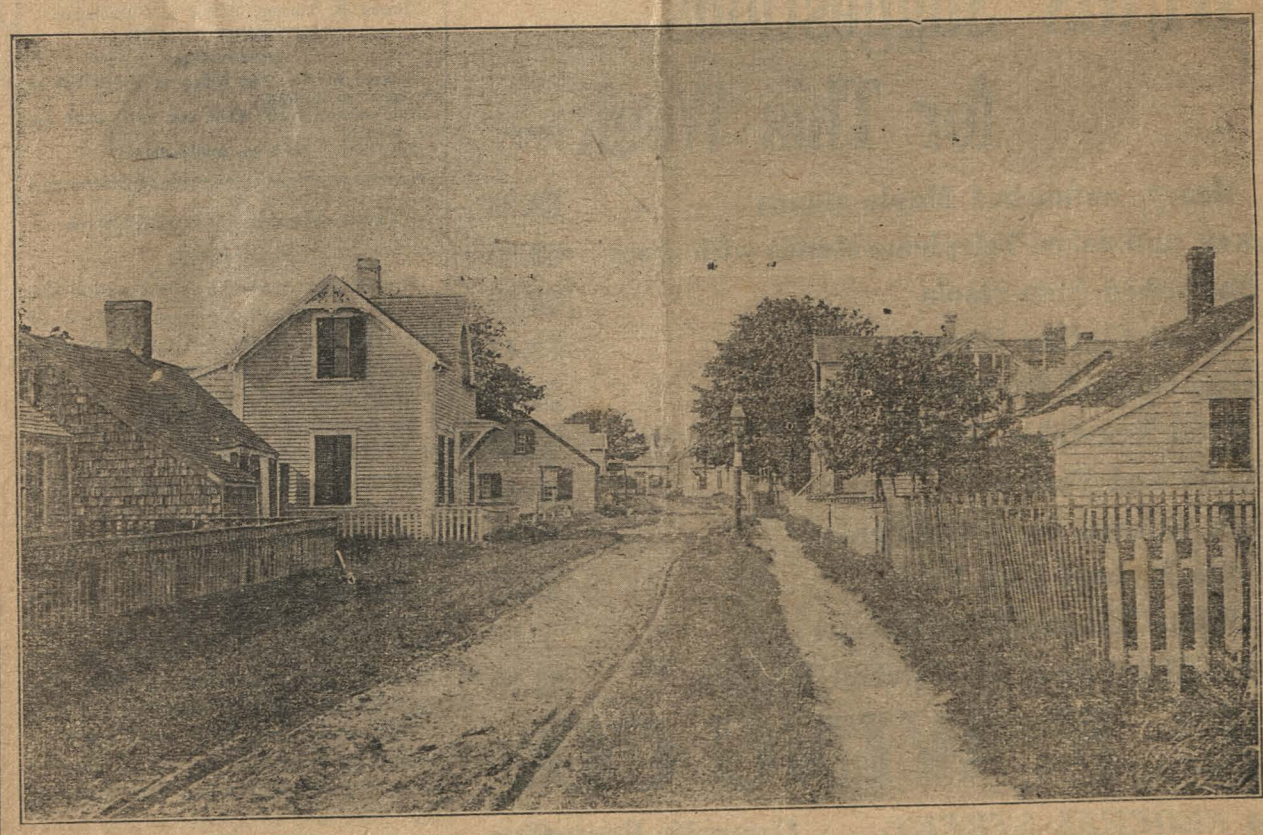
P.F.M.

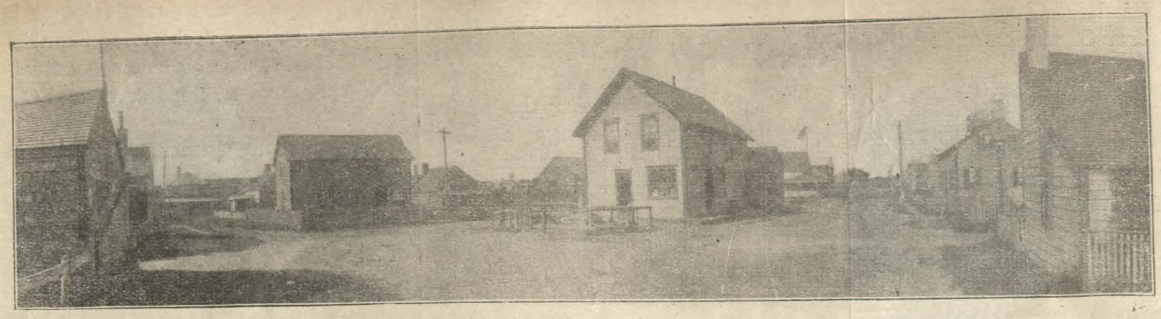


LUCRETIA MOTT LANE

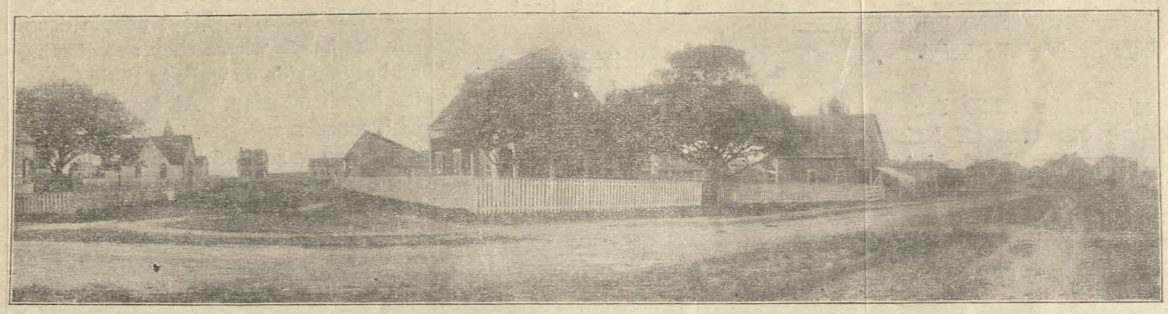
'Sconset's Broadway of Two Decades Ago--No Thought of Tar



"Broadway," in 'Sconset, is one of the oldest of the miniature streets of the village. Just during and after the Revolution, many of the tiny houses were moved from the fishermen's settlement at Sesachacha to 'Sconset, and have occupied positions on "Broadway" for a century and a half.

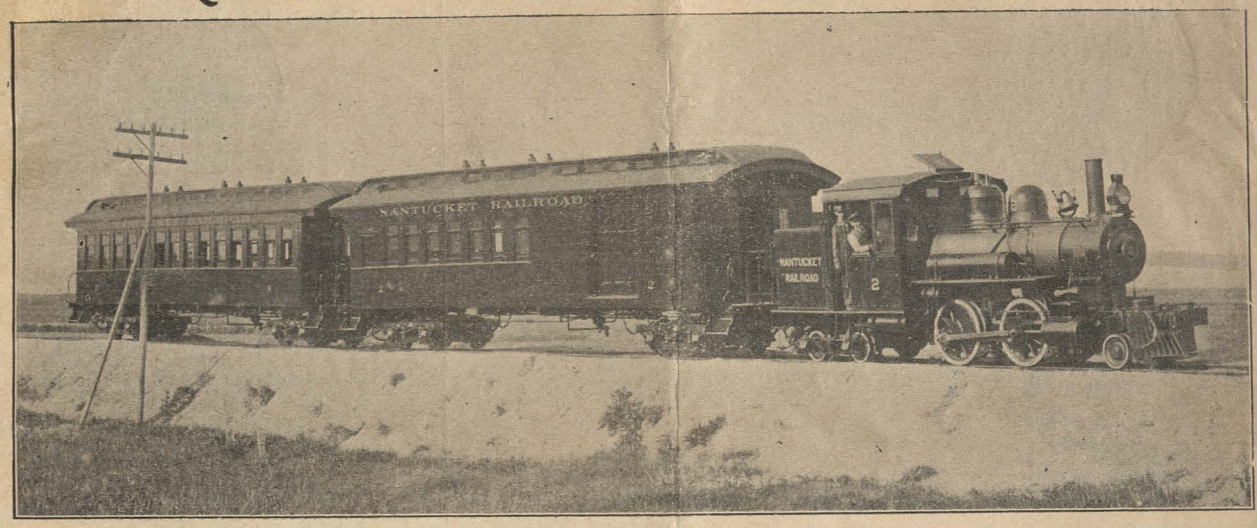


"PUMP SQUARE" A HALF CENTURY AGO.



AN OLD-TIME 'SCONSET VIEW WHICH WILL AROUSE MEMORIES

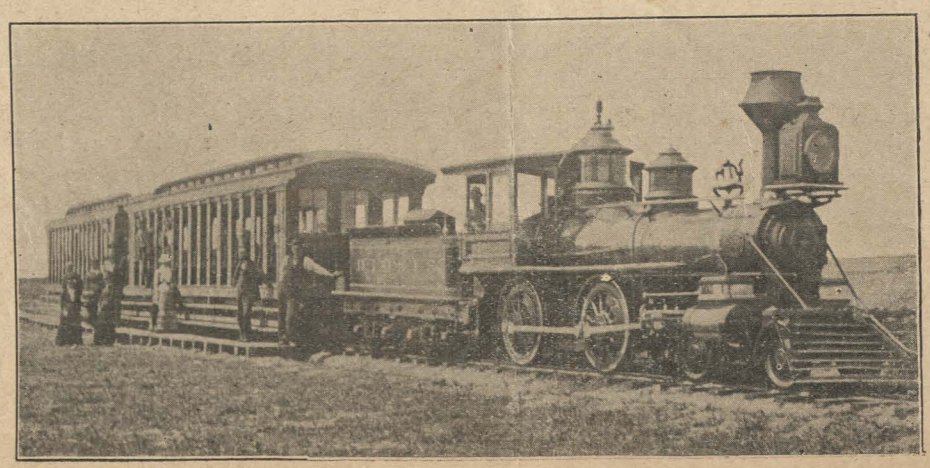
A QUARTER OF A CENTURY HAS PASSED!



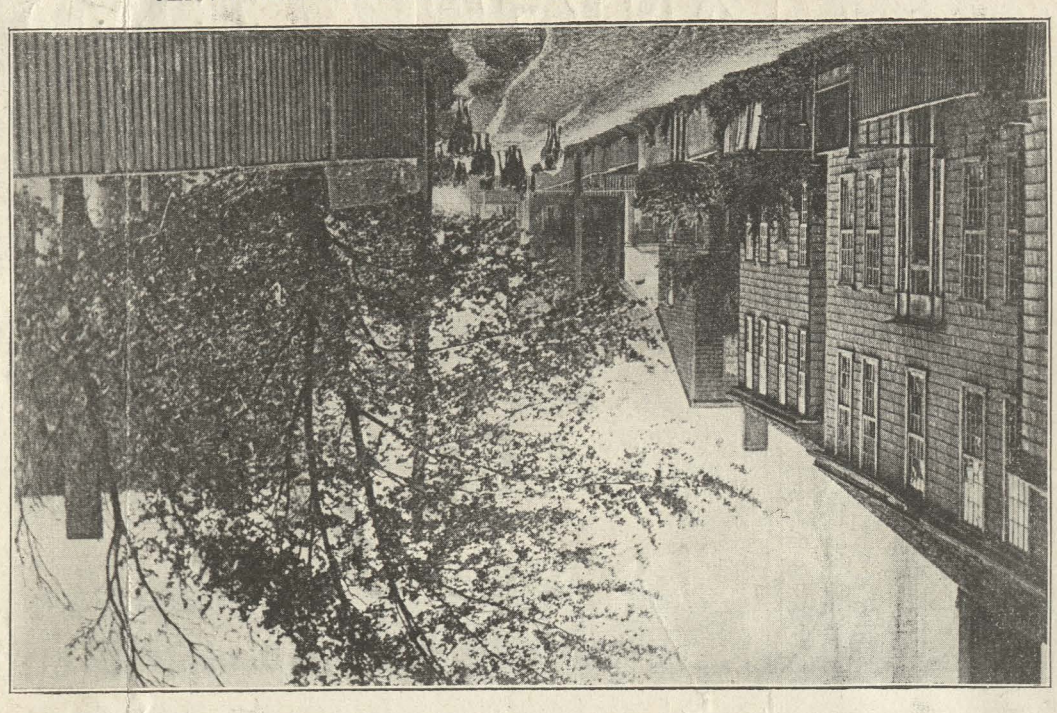
There are repeated inquiries regarding the lamented Nantucket Railroad, which, were in it existence today, would be doing a thriving business. In its days of summer activity it was considered unique, but today it would be considered not only unique but would possess keen interest to the summer visitor as one of the real attractions of Nantucket.

The last train to squirm along over the moors to 'Sconset was not the original train with its engine christened "Dionis," but a later edition of the narrow-gauge system, with a locomotive of different design than the original, but no less unique in its type of construction.

The above picture was taken the day the train made its last run over to 'Sconset in September, 1917. The picture below was taken when the original train made its first trip over to Surfside in July, 1884. The passenger equipment then was "open cars" which had reversible seats extending across "the beam."



AN OLD TIME SCENE. DO YOU RECOGNIZE THE LANE?



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Doors Open 8 p. m. **Show Starts 8:30**

Buses leave Pease Garage 8 p. m.

Seats Reserved for Passengers until 8:25

Orchestra 50c **Balcony 30c.** Tax included

Anderson's Home Bakery

38 Centre Street **Tel. 552**

'Sconset Branch next to Cliff Eddy's

Anderson's Restaurant

23 Centre Street **Tel. 1159**

Good Food Served Right

Nantucket Aquaplaning Service

WATERSKIING

AQUAPLANING

HARBOR RIDES

For reservations call 434-W 2-boat Service Doug Lawrence

je26-11t*

EXPERT REPAIR CONTRACT WORK

Mechanical and Electrical Equipment

Vacuum Cleaners
Toasters
Pressing Irons
Refrigerators
Washing Machines
Typewriters
Cash Registers
Sewing Machines
Antique and Electric Clocks
English Bicycles, etc.

ADAM MASTAI

going and everyone had a fine

Immediately after the G
March there was a Candy Hunt
by Debbie Carter and Billy H
both of Washington, D. C. Then
a Lucky Couple Dance which was
by Sally and Larry Timson. In
of the old-time favorite Mu
Chairs there was an Onion D
which was evolved by the Comm
as there were too many children
peting to make it possible to
chairs. The onions were placed
circle with the children marc
around them. When the music
ped, everyone grabbed for an o
and all those who got one staye
while the rest dropped out.

At each pause several onions
taken away until it finally got
to one onion and two children.
cause of the many children,
circles were formed, one for
under eight, and one for the
children. The prize winners fo
older group were Nancy Root
Valerie Blaque, and for the you
children, Barbara Zirkler and W
ington Keith.

The Stoop Dance proved very
ular, for the quickest stoopers
ed in the longest. When the
stopped the children were suppos
stoop immediately and an aler
of judges eliminated the strag
The first one was won by D
Carter and Billy Hand, and the
ond, later in the evening, by Suz
Dean and Edward Vaughn.

The Lucky Number Dance
filled with excitement, especiall
those whose numbers failed t
called until late in the dance.
were three lucky couples in the
Ike Harter and Elaine Duff, Su
Marett and Murray Van de
and Sheila Folger and Billy

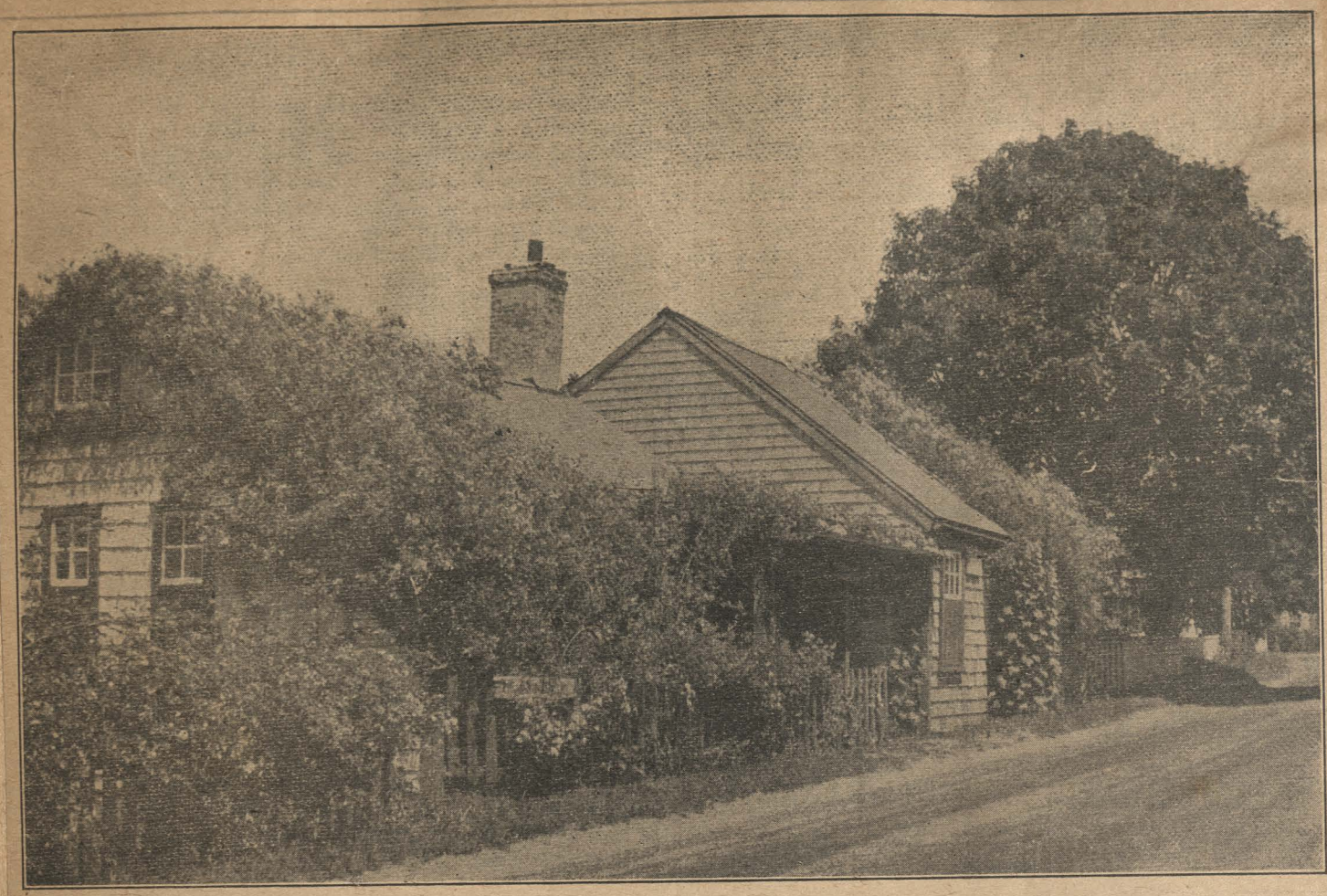
Two Schools of Blackfish Stranded on the Cliff Beach in the Summer of 1918 Presented a Contrast to This Week's Stranded Whale.

THE FIRST SCHOOL OF BLACKFISH ASHORE IN 1918.

Thirty years ago (July 3, 1918) a school of blackfish came ashore on the north beach, about a mile west of the jetties. The creatures, which averaged some twenty-five to thirty feet in length, managed to get into shallow water some time during the night and the next morning were sighted by George Hamblin from the Breckinridge Long property on the Cliff. Fifty-nine blackfish were stranded and subsequently towed off by the little island fishing steamer *Petrel*. A quantity of oil was "tryed out" from several of the carcasses.

THE SECOND SCHOOL OF BLACKFISH

On Sunday morning, August 4, 1918, the present Jetties Bathing Beach presented an unusual picture. A total of 128 blackfish had become "gallied" in the shoal water north of the island and were driven ashore just outside the western jetty by the New Bedford fishing sloop *Mary Souza*. The large school floundered about in the shallows between the sand bars at high tide, and when the tide dropped became stranded, many of them high up on the beach. The expected yield in oil did not materialize, and the problem of disposing of the bloated bodies became the issue of the day. A number of "whale steaks" were cut and served at several tables. The spectacle of the stranded animals thrashing about in the water will be remembered by many islanders and summer residents.

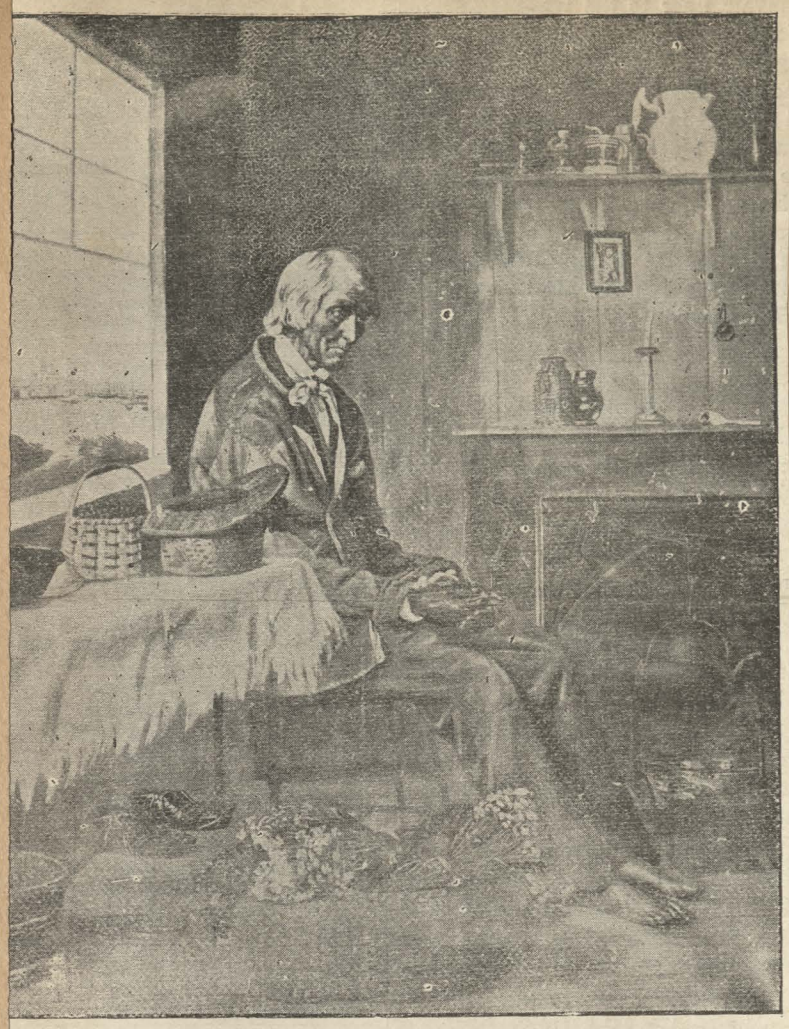


A TYPICAL 'SCONSET COTTAGE

A Typical 'Sconset Scene

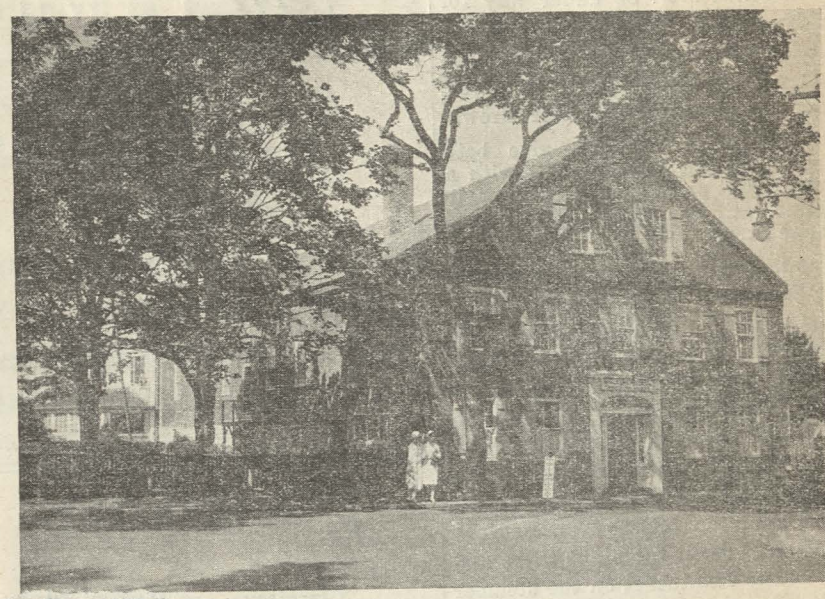
Old North Wharf, Nantucket. The small sailing yachts are known as the Rainbow Fleet, owing to the bright colors of their sails. In the background rises the oak tower of the Unitarian Church, built in 1809

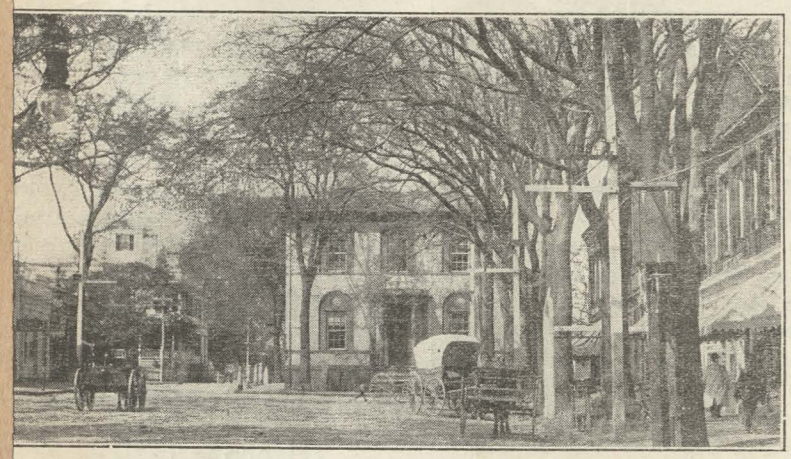
A SUMMER MORNING ON MAIN STREET, NANTUCKET.



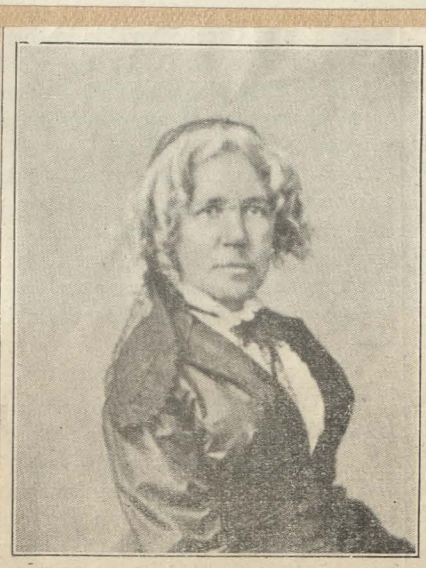
TUCKET ATHENEUM'S PORTRAIT OF ABRAM QUARY BY MRS. DASSELL.
male Nantucket Indian, who died Nov. 25, 1854, in his 83rd year.

DORCAS HONORABLE
The last of the Nantucket Indians, who died on Jan. 12, 1855, aged 79.

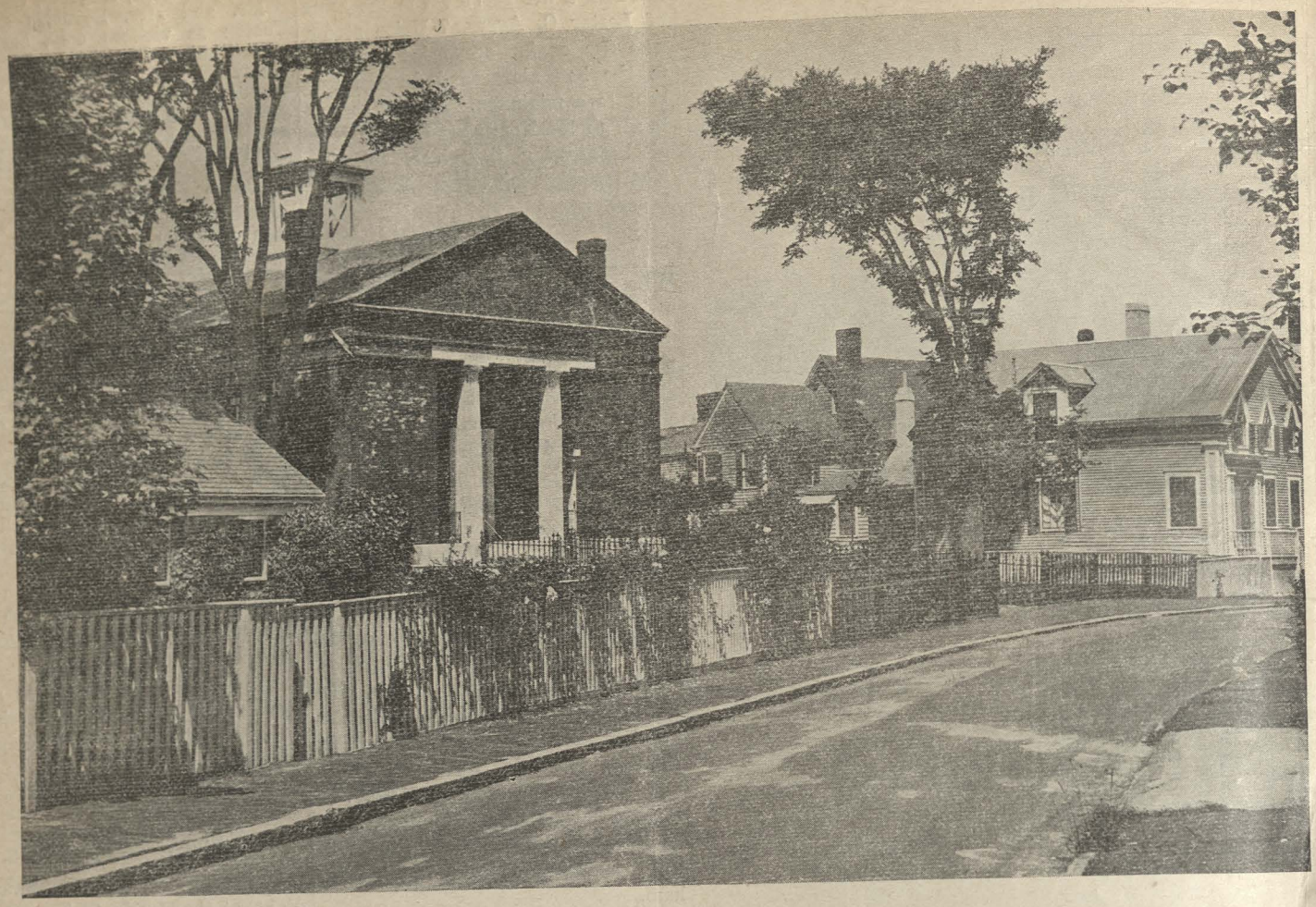




EW OF MAIN STREET SQUARE AND PACIFIC BANK A HALF CENTURY AGO.



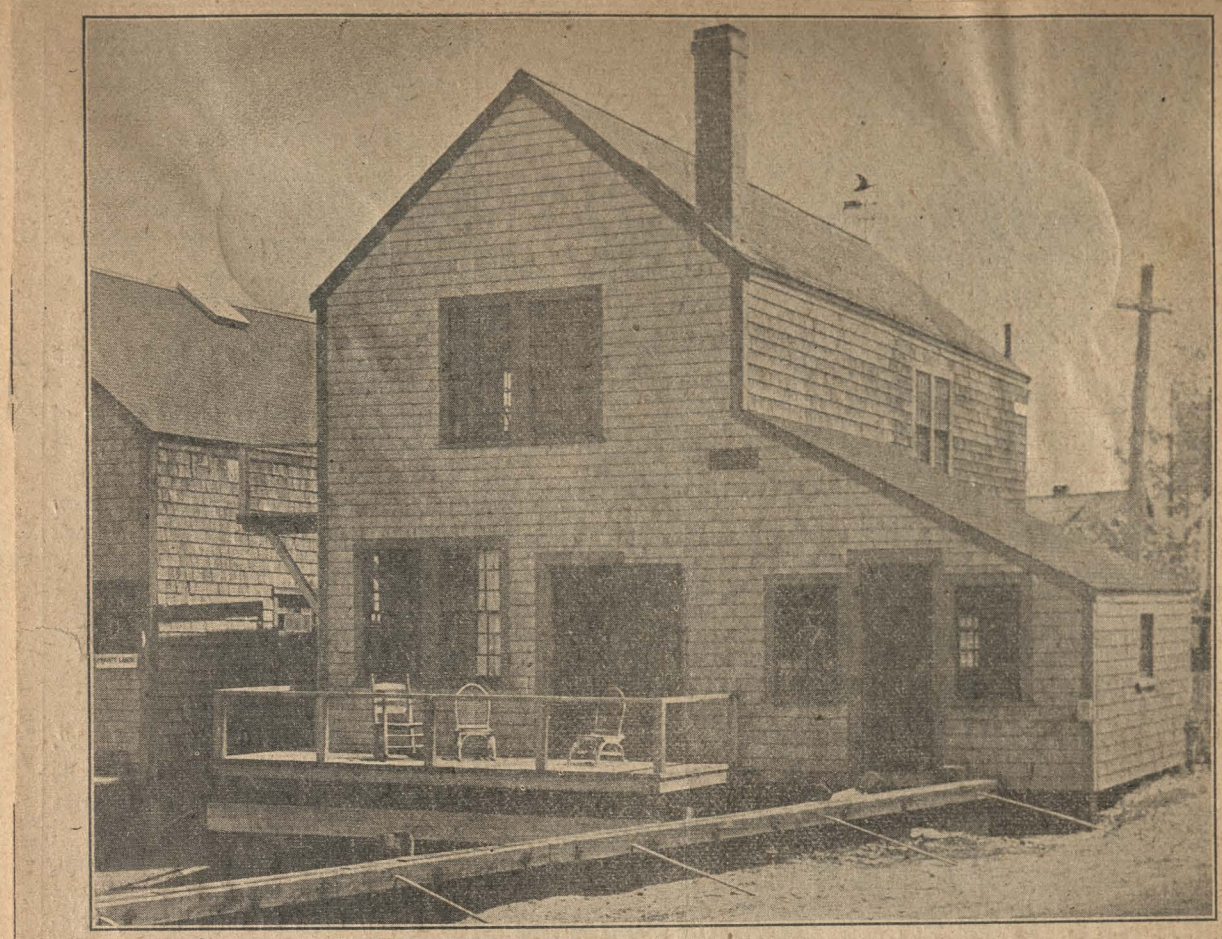
MARIA MITCHELL



THE COFFIN SCHOOL

Founded in 1827 by Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, the School flourished as an academic institution until 1898, when it closed for a five year period. It re-opened in 1903 as a school for manual training for the boys and domestic science for the girls. The pupils of the public schools were accorded the privilege of attending the School. In 1918, the addition was constructed, and in 1941 the School became a Vocational School, and is now aided by funds from the State.

WHEN THE FIRST ATLANTIC & PACIFIC STORE WAS ON MAIN STREET—A WINTER'S SCENE IN 1919—THIRTY YEARS AG



Old North Wharf Boathouse on Easy Street.

In the avalanche of world catastrophe, there is always a residue of something precious to which man clings and is fortified and spurred on to build anew.

Through the centuries, Nantucket Island has retained its heritage and the foundations of its forefathers—whalemen, coopers, smiths, carpenters—merchants. They built buildings to stand against tide and storm. In the grim fight against change, these monuments have stood—sometimes a little battered by the sea, rain, and wind—sometimes charred by fire—more often its heavy wide boards worn a little thinner by the feet of generations. But stood they have, aged but nevertheless firm and a reminder of towering strength to help us forward.

Such a monument is Old North Wharf boathouse on Easy Street. Snug on the northwest corner of the wharf from which it takes its name, this boathouse, now mellowed through 100 years of existence, is a proud contributor to the rich heritage of this sandy island.

History of the Old North Wharf boathouse's infancy is a little in dispute. There is no recorded date of its birth, but Commodore Herbert Coffin of the famous Wharf Rat Club on Old North Wharf, who is an authority on such matters, says that the boathouse was built by one Capt. Barzillai R. Burdett. The scuttlebutt, according to Commodore Coffin, is that the building was erected on piles in the sandy lot overlooking Nantucket Harbor on or before 1846 and that it was destroyed in the Great Fire which devastated a large segment of Nantucket town in that year. If such is the case, the present building replaced the original shortly afterwards. There is no record of this account of Old North Wharf's history, since the number of buildings lost in the fire was in the hundreds and no complete list was given in the newspaper account of the conflagration. It must therefore remain legendary but nevertheless a part of its history.

Born into the rich and adventurous era of whaling which made Nantucket a chief port, this two-story frame building with heavy double floors and walls of sturdy pine blended with the industry and through its wide portals on the north side, there were launched hundreds of whaling-boats, row-boats and sail-boats. On the south side of the building one could see where the boards had been worn too thin by workmen at the "old boatmen's bench".

With the passing of the years and eventually the whaling industry, Old North Wharf, its shingles weather-beaten and greyed, changed hands and until recently was a storage house owned and used by A. L. B. Fisher.

But buildings, like people, wither and die unless the spark of life is rekindled from time to time. Old North Wharf had something to give merely for the asking—something more than storage space for it is a part of Nantucket and needed only a little spark to come alive again—alive with busy feet on its century old boards—alive with caressing hands on its walls—alive with admiring eyes on the beauty of its grey shingles.

And this is where Mr. and Mrs. Elias J. Lyon came into the life of Old North Wharf. Nearly all their lives, they have loved old houses, old furniture and all the symbols which have stood for the pioneering spirit of America. Their remodelled old house on Pleasant Street, replete with furnishings nearly every one of which was built by hands of skilled craftsmen of another day, is a tribute to their hobby of doing over old houses. With an artistic sense of color and design and a natural aptitude for renovating old Nantucket homes, they have combined their hobby with the real estate business and have aided in interesting young and old in maintaining the natural architecture of the island.

Often they had looked wistfully at the Old North Wharf boathouse with an urge to do it over. And suddenly they decided its Nantucket atmosphere was ideal for an informal place to idle away a few moments of leisure.

They purchased the building from Mr. Fisher and set to work with zest. Undaunted by lack of lumber and materials, Mr. Lyon, who has a knowledge of construction, woods and carpenter's tools. did the alterations himself.

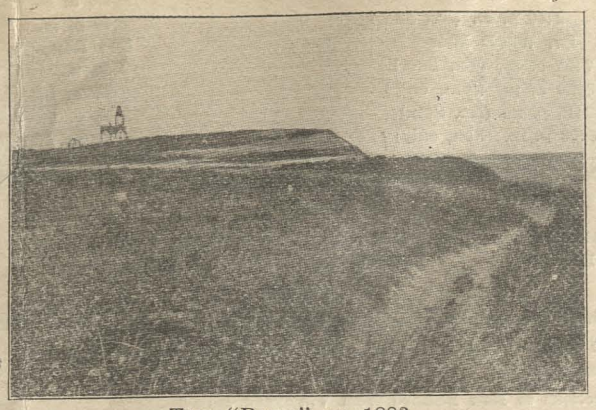
The building was in good shape despite its age. All the old pine floorboards were retained except a few which had to be replaced. The large front doors through which the whaleboats had been launched were replaced by two small-pane windows and a door. Two additional windows were added on the same side to the lean-to which will comprise the office itself and two other windows on the second floor. All the windows and doors have been painted barn red which gives another touch of charm to the building.

Old weathered shingles and old pine boards have been utilized on the inside walls for artistic effect. Original framing timbers on the walls have been scraped down to a natural wood finish and left uncovered.

The boathouse's charm has also been enhanced by an old-fashioned garden and hollyhocks growing along the windows.

And thus the old becomes young and lives again.

Mr. Lyon is a member of the Massachusetts Board of Realtors.



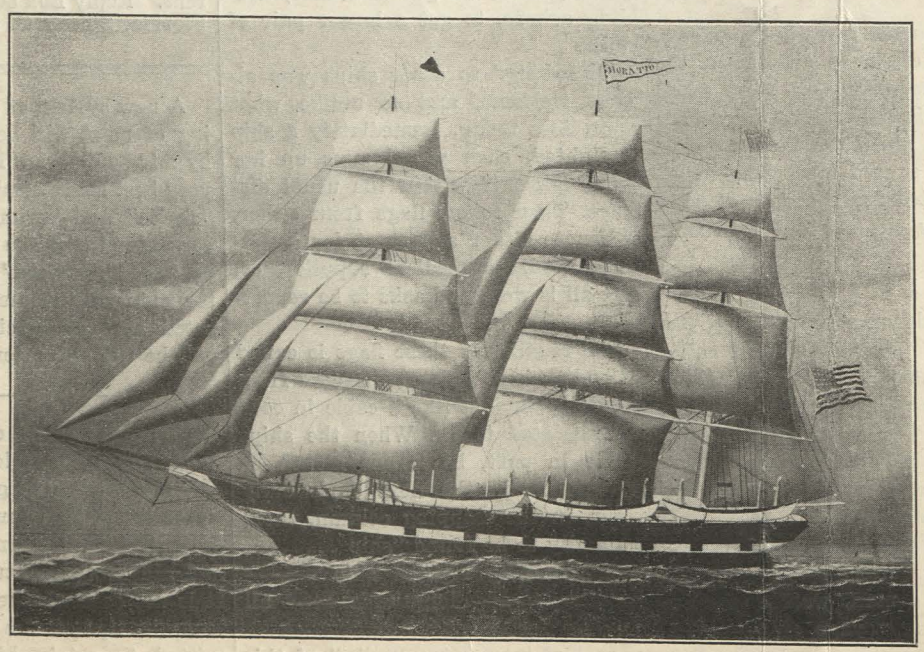
THE "PATH" IN 1883.

At the time when William Flagg conceived his idea of a real estate
velopment at "Sankaty Heights," the Path was a road along the bl

CAPT. CHARLES GRANT OF NANTUCKET
Who died in his 92nd year in 1906, the nation's oldest whaling master.

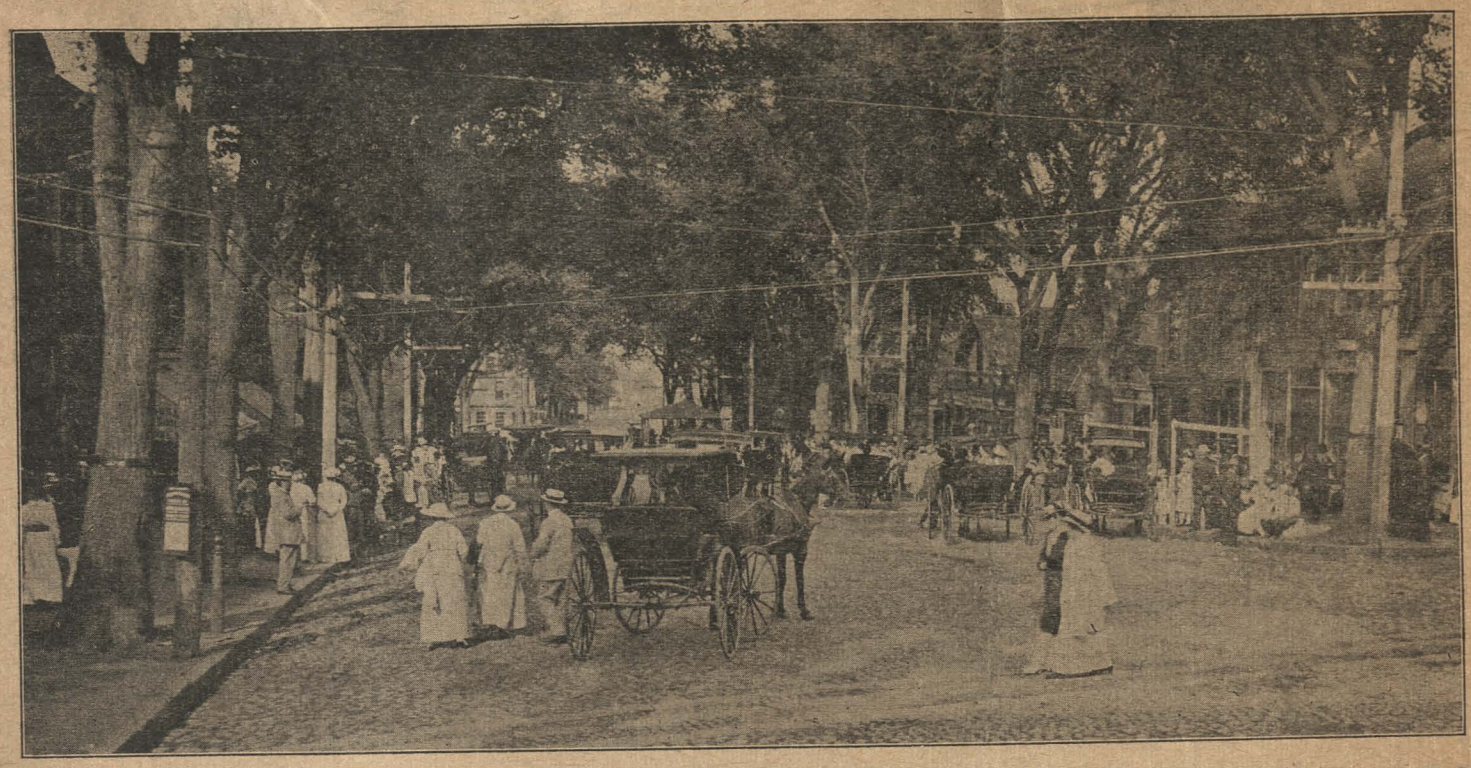
The property at No. 66 Centre Street, which has been kno
as "Anchor Inn" for over a quarter of a century, has been sold
Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Eyre of Fall River to Mr. and Mrs. Rob
M. Gilbreth of Bloomfield, N. J. Mr. and Mrs. Gilbreth will
permanent residents of Nantucket and continue the high standa
of "Anchor Inn," and are now taking reservations from May 2(
through the season.

This sale was made through Elias J. Lyon & Co., Realtors



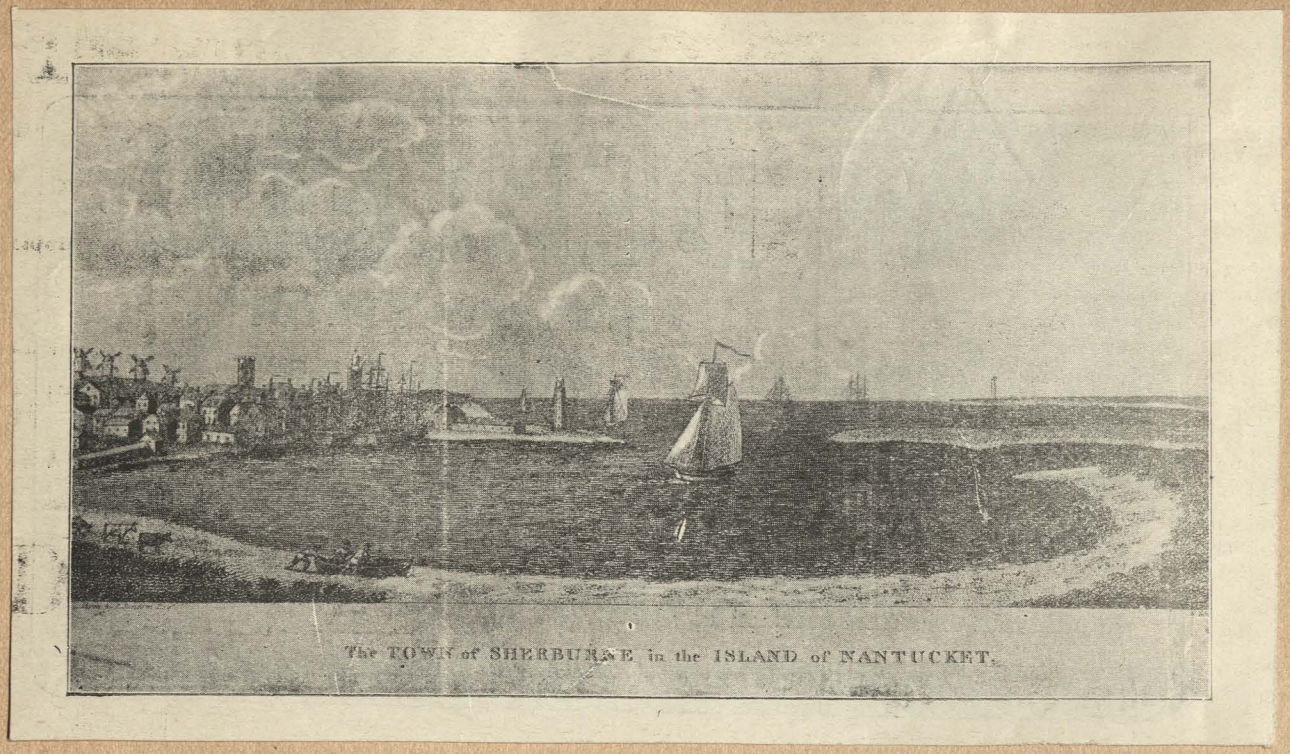
THE WHALESHIP *Horatio*, CAPT. CHARLES GRANT'S LAST COMMAND.

When Main Street's elms were in their prime, offering a perfect canopy



A view of Main Street's square in 1916, when the old elms offered a canopy of shade. To contrast this picture with a present day view of the square is the best possible proof of the need for a tree-planting program throughout the Town, to assure future retention of the island's shade trees which have made the Town's streets so attractive in the past.

BELOW THE BANK AT 'SCONSET

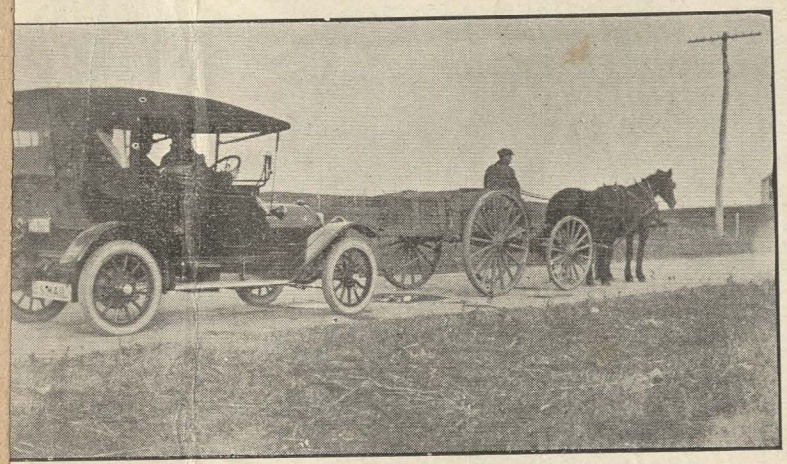


The TOWN of SHERBURNE in the ISLAND of NANTUCKET.

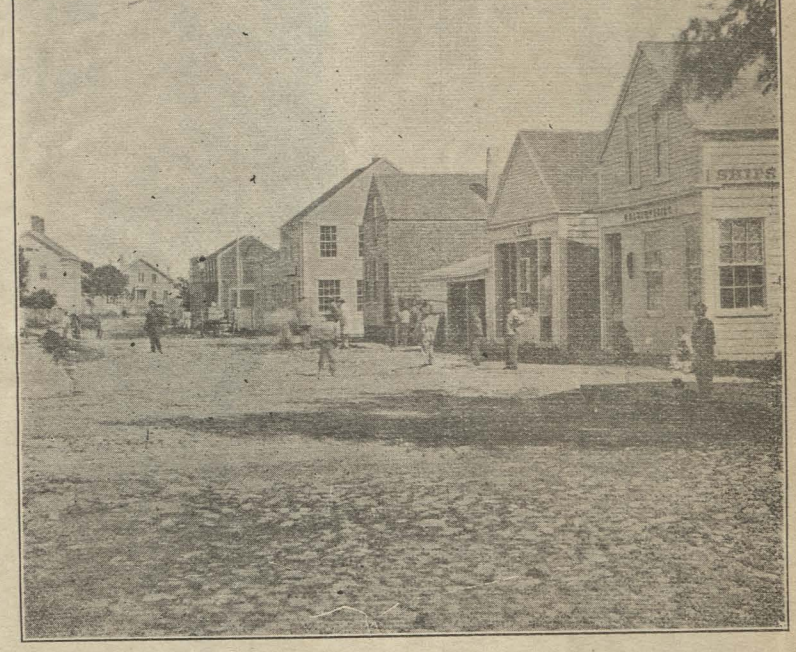
When Main Street Sustained Its First Serious Fire May 10, 1836

The blaze is shown consuming Elisha Starbuck's Washington House. Before it was brought under control, the fire had swept through four other dwellings and shops in the vicinity causing damage totalling $35,000.

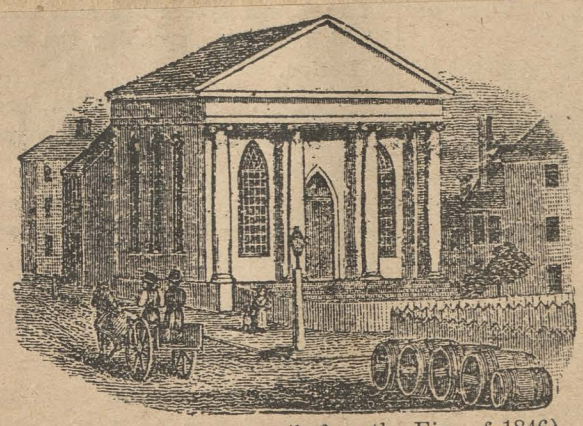
NANTUCKET'S "HORSEMOBILE"



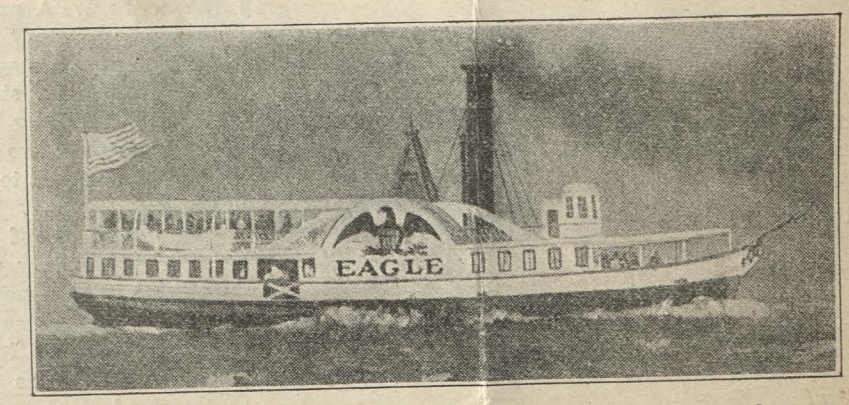
ow times have changed with the passing of a quarter of a century! 914, Clinton S. Folger battled against Nantucket's automobile exclusion nd used his "horsemobile" in drawing his Overland touring-car through own until the state highway was reached. There he started his motor made the trip over to 'Sconset under power. The "horsemobile" of 1914 ne famous—and it finally won out, for in May, 1918, the voters of ucket decided to let down the bars and welcomed automobiles to the island.



SOUTH WATER STREET IN THE OLD DAYS



THE FIRST ATHENEUM (before the Fire of 1846)



Steamer *Eagle*, the first steamboat to cross Nantucket sound.

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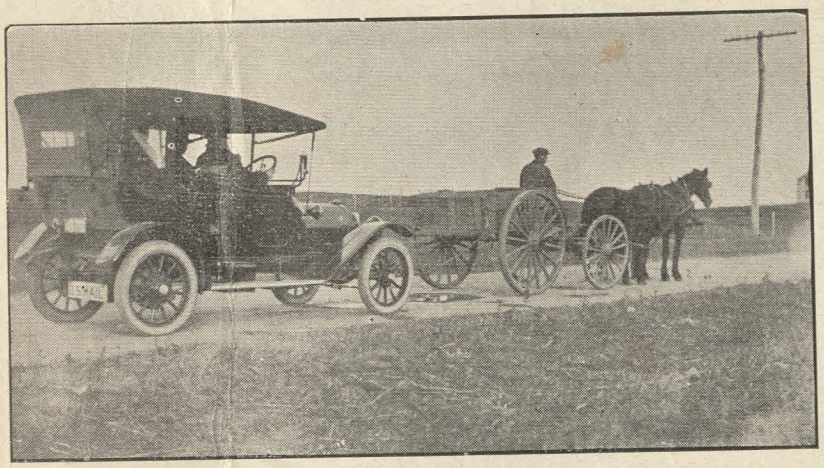
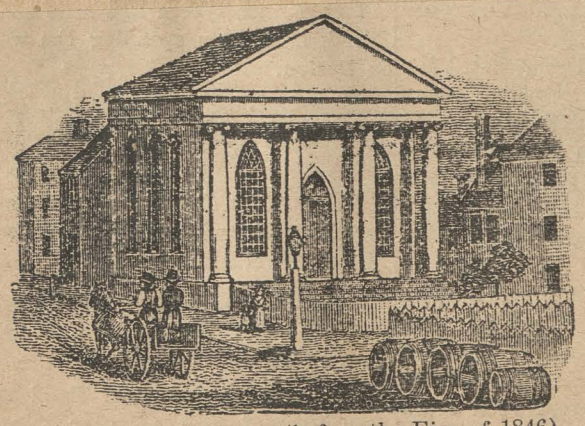


How times have changed with the passing of a quarter of a century! In 1914, Clinton S. Folger battled against Nantucket's automobile exclusion law and used his "horsemobile" in drawing his Overland touring-car through the town until the state highway was reached. There he started his motor and made the trip over to 'Sconset under power. The "horsemobile" of 1914 became famous—and it finally won out, for in May, 1918, the voters of Nantucket decided to let down the bars and welcomed automobiles to the island.



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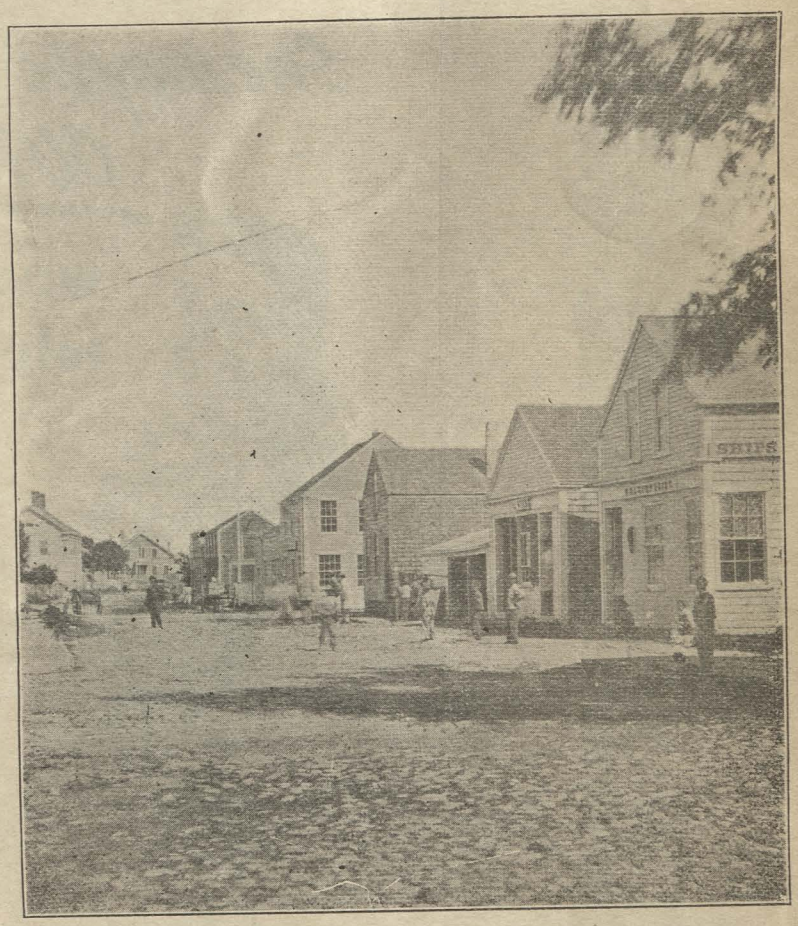
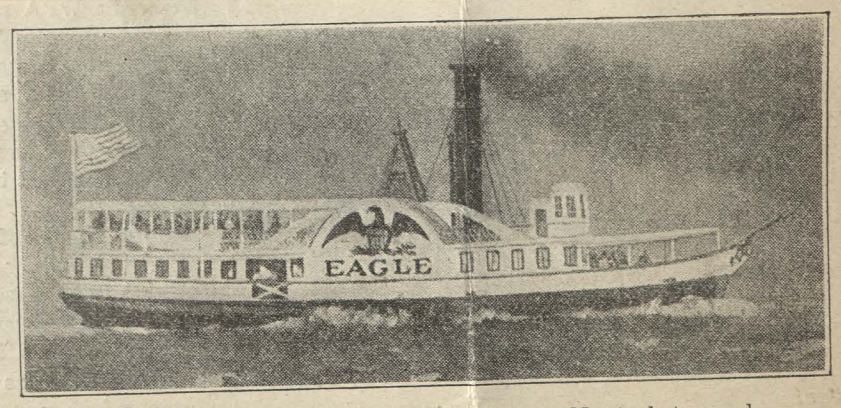
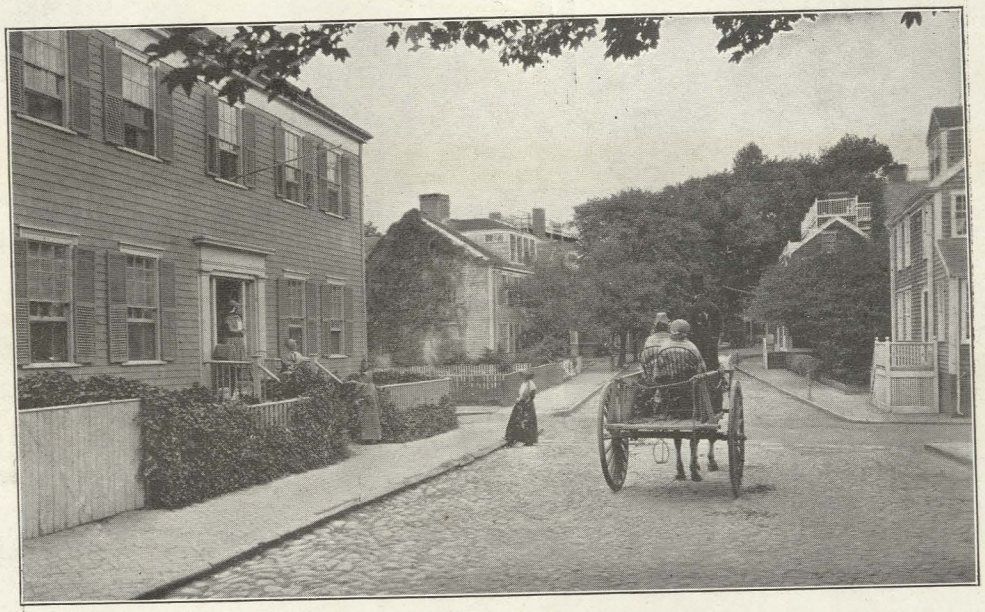


SOUTH WATER STREET IN THE OLD DAYS

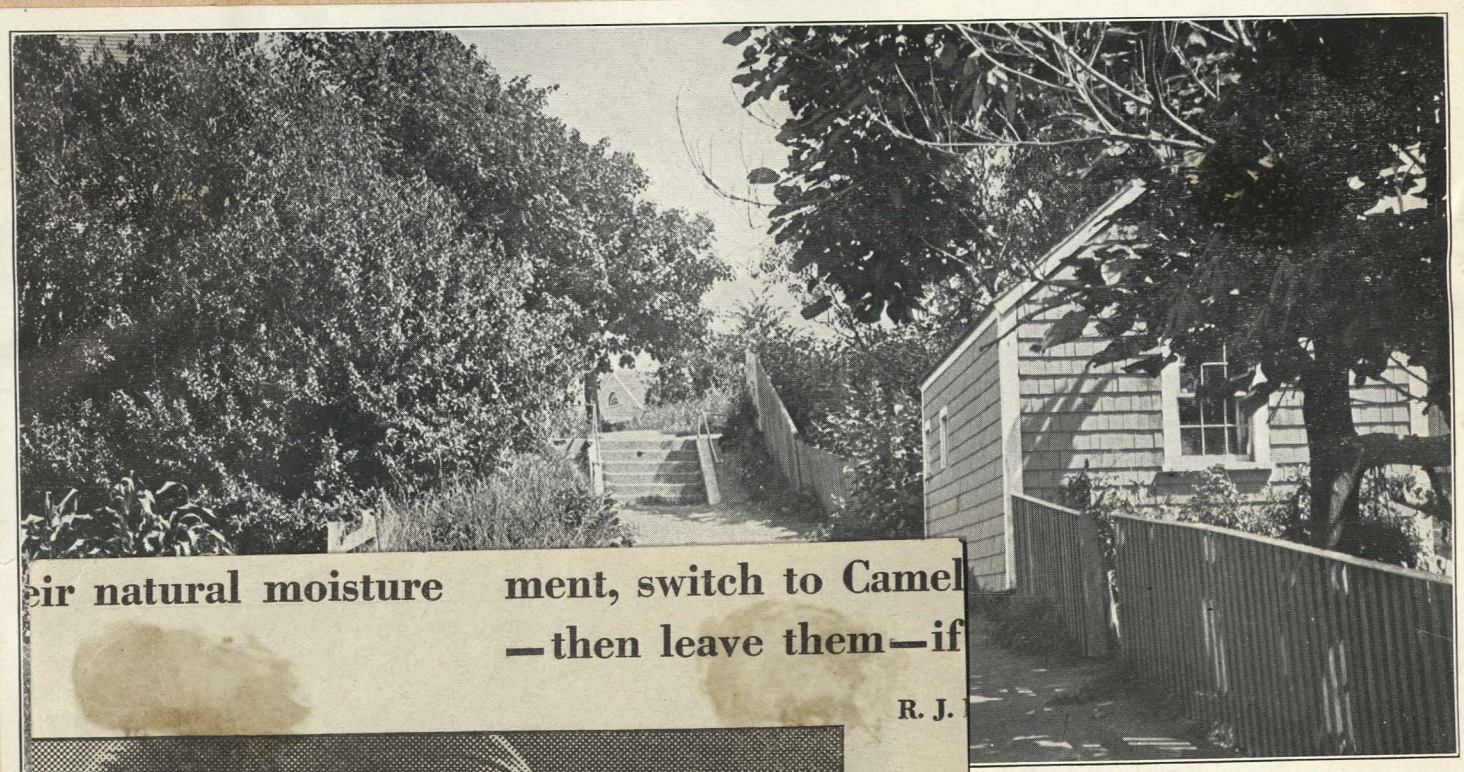


Steamer *Eagle*, the first steamboat to cross Nantucket sound.

THREE MASTED SCHOONER T. B. WITHERSPOON.
Wrecked near the head of Little Mioxes pond. JAN. 8, 1886

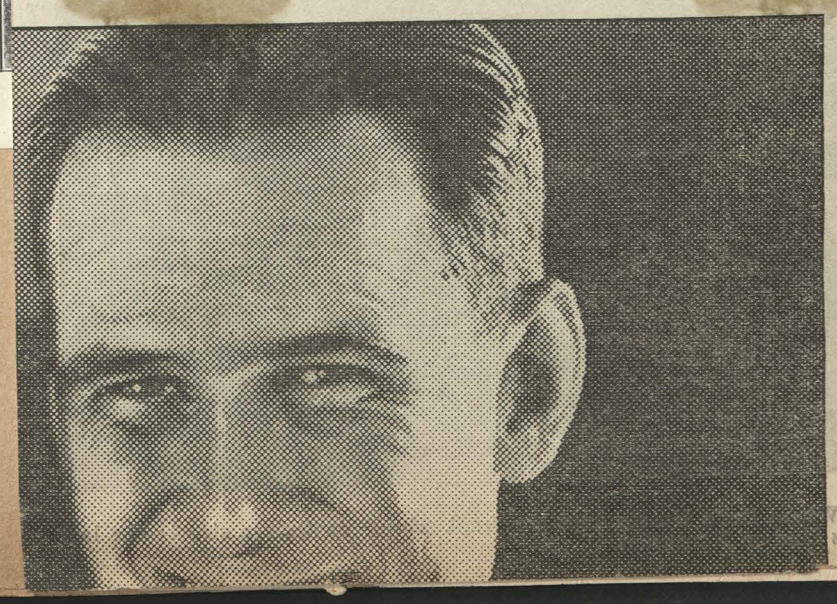


RAY'S COURT AFTER ONE OF NANTUCKET'S OCCASIONAL "LIGHT SNOWFALLS."



ir natural moisture ment, switch to Camel
—then leave them—if

R. J.



ET PASS."

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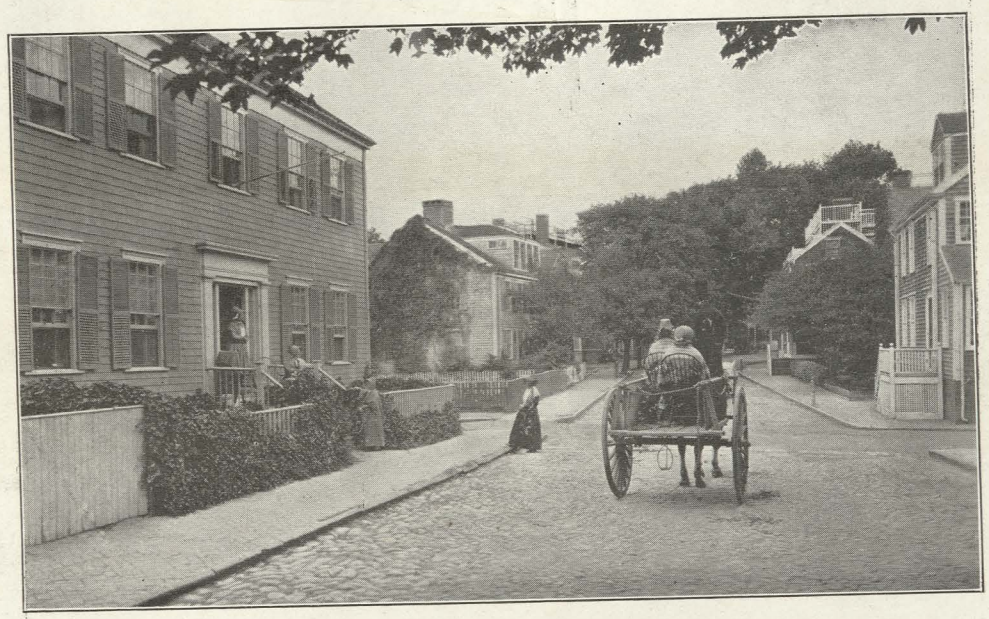
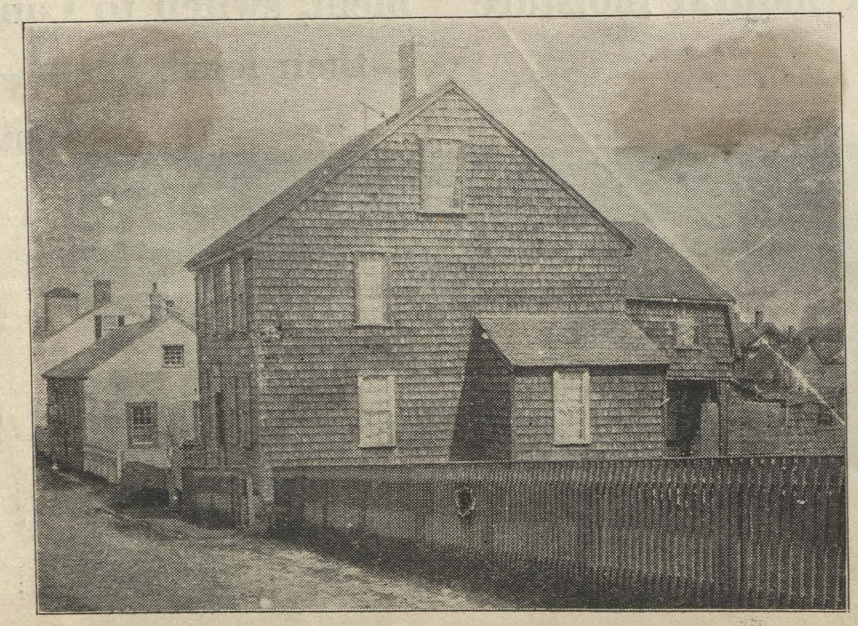
THREE MASTED SCHOONER T. B. WITHERSPOON.
Wrecked near the head of Little Mioxes pond. JAN. 8, 1886





Where Delia Hussey kept her "cent school" on Quince street—the last of its kind on Nantucket.

RAY'S COURT AFTER ONE OF NANTUCKET'S OCCASIONAL "LIGHT SNOWFALLS."

"BREAK NECK ALLEY" IS NOW CALLED "SUNSET PASS."

A VIEW OF NANTUCKET FROM THE AIR.

ONE OF THE PRETTY DRIVES LEADING TO "POQUOY" AND HUMMOCK POND.

THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN FROM THE ROOF OF THE OLD
HOWARD CHISHOLM MAY BE able TO IDENTIFY TH

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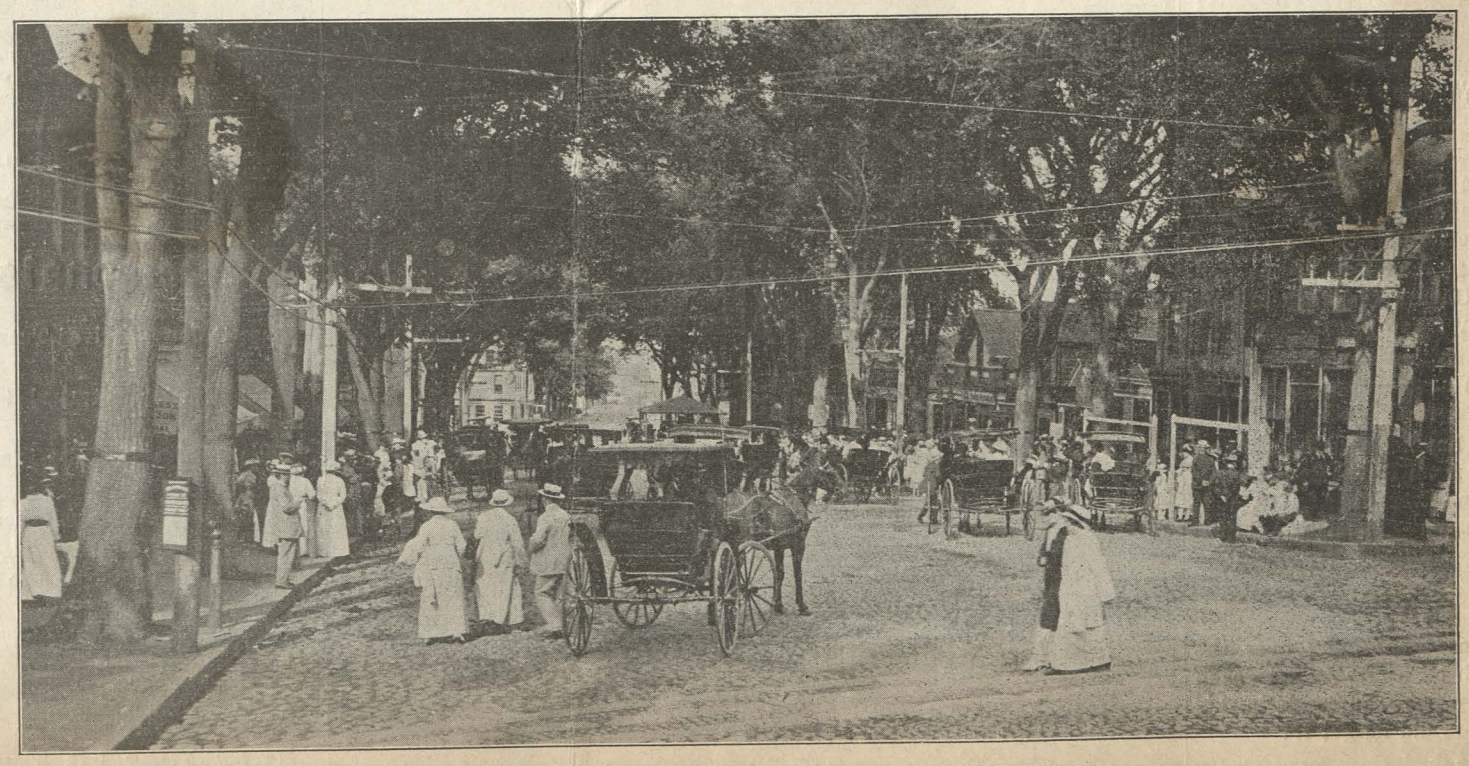
2636
INC., DISTRIBUTORS

General Increase in Tax Rate Throughout Massachusetts.

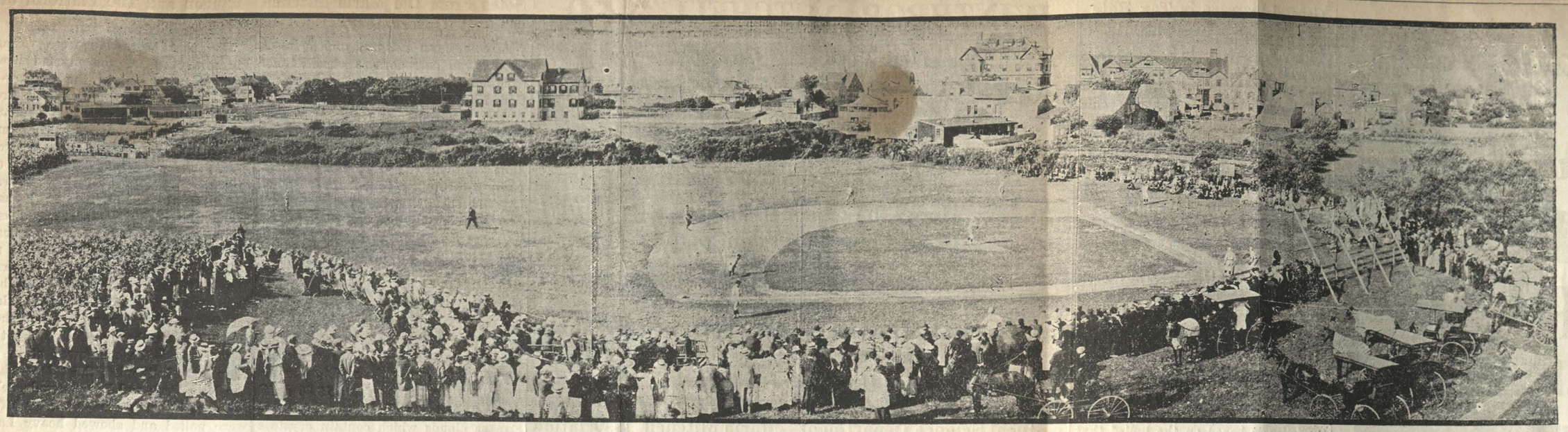
Henry F. Long, State Tax Commissioner, is of the opinion that there is to be a general increase in the tax rate throughout Massachusetts this year. Three-fourths of the 355 cities and towns have already filed their rates with him and the average is quite a substantial rise in the rate. The town of Savoy tops the list with $56 on a thousand and the little town of Greenwich is low with $13.60. The two towns held the same respective places last year, when Savoy had $54 and Greenwich $11.30. Thus each shows an increase over the 1935 rate, but they still hold the high and low rate.

Of the places reported thus far this year more have shown decreases than increases. Commissioner Long, however, expects that when all are in, the 1936 rate will average higher. His prediction is based on the belief that the communities during the depression have expended all available cash

A view of Brant Point and Beachside taken from the south tower fifty-five years ago, when "the point" was barren except for the lighthouse and Captain Burdett's boat-house on the inner shore of the harbor. Beachside did not have a single house on it. Hayden's "salt water baths" was at the "clean shore"—the building is now the Easy Street Gallery. William R. Easton's large ware-house was standing at the head of Steamboat wharf and the "restaurant building", where Captain Scudder served chowder, was on the north side of the wharf. This building now stands on Pine street, occupied by Charles G. Whelden. The old T is also noticeable in the picture. A little to the right of the center may be seen the old bowling alley, which site is now occupied by the Red Men's building. This was before the section between Easy street and South Water street was filled in, when the harbor waters flowed up to the rear of Uncle George Winslow's blacksmith shop on Steamboat wharf (now Smith's plumbing shop) and at the rear of Paddack's carriage shop—now Larkin's paint-shop.



A GLANCE DOWN MAIN STREET IN THE "NINETIES."



THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN FROM THE ROOF OF THE OLDEST HOUSE OVER TWENTY YEARS AGO, WHEN NANTUCKET HAD A FINE BASE BALL FIELD AND INTEREST IN THE GAME WAS KEEN. HOWARD CHISHOLM MAY BE ABLE TO IDENTIFY THE FELLOW MARCHING ACROSS THE FIELD WITH HAT IN HAND, INTO WHICH ALL THE FANS VERY WILLINGLY "CHIPPED".

A view of Brant Point and Beachside taken from the south tower fifty-five years ago, when "the point" was barren except for the lighthouse and Captain Burdett's boat-house on the inner shore of the harbor. Beachside did not have a single house on it. Hayden's "salt water baths" was at the "clean shore"—the building is now the Easy Street Gallery. William R. Easton's large ware-house was standing at the head of Steamboat wharf and the "restaurant building", where Captain Scudder served chowder, was on the north side of the wharf. This building now stands on Pine street, occupied by Charles G. Whelden. The old T is also noticeable in the picture. A little to the right of the center may be seen the old bowling alley, which site is now occupied by the Red Men's building. This was before the section between Easy street and South Water street was filled in, when the harbor waters flowed up to the rear of Uncle George Winslow's blacksmith shop on Steamboat wharf (now Smith's plumbing shop) and at the rear of Paddack's carriage shop—now Larkin's paint-shop.

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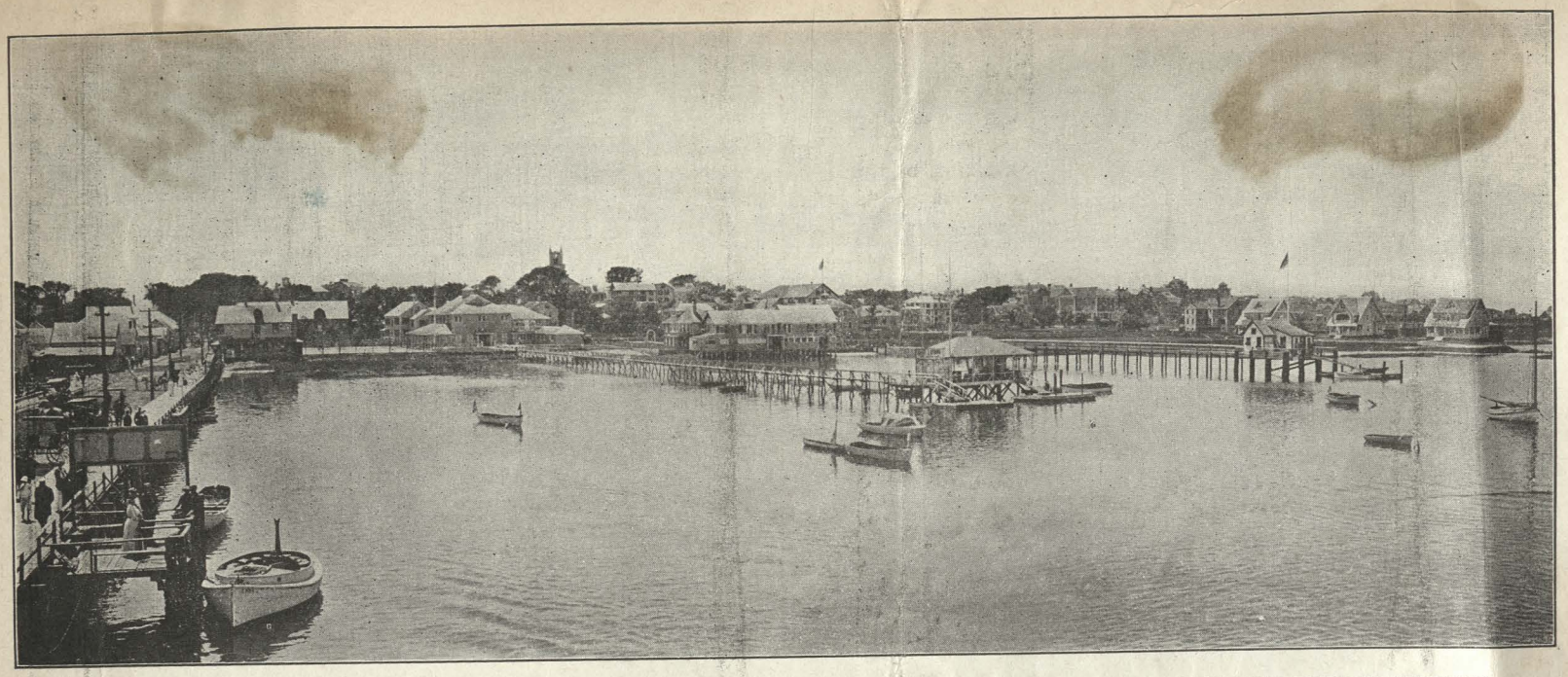
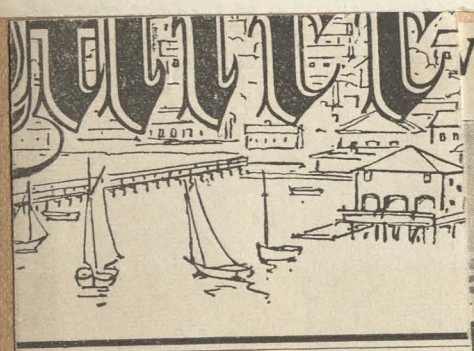
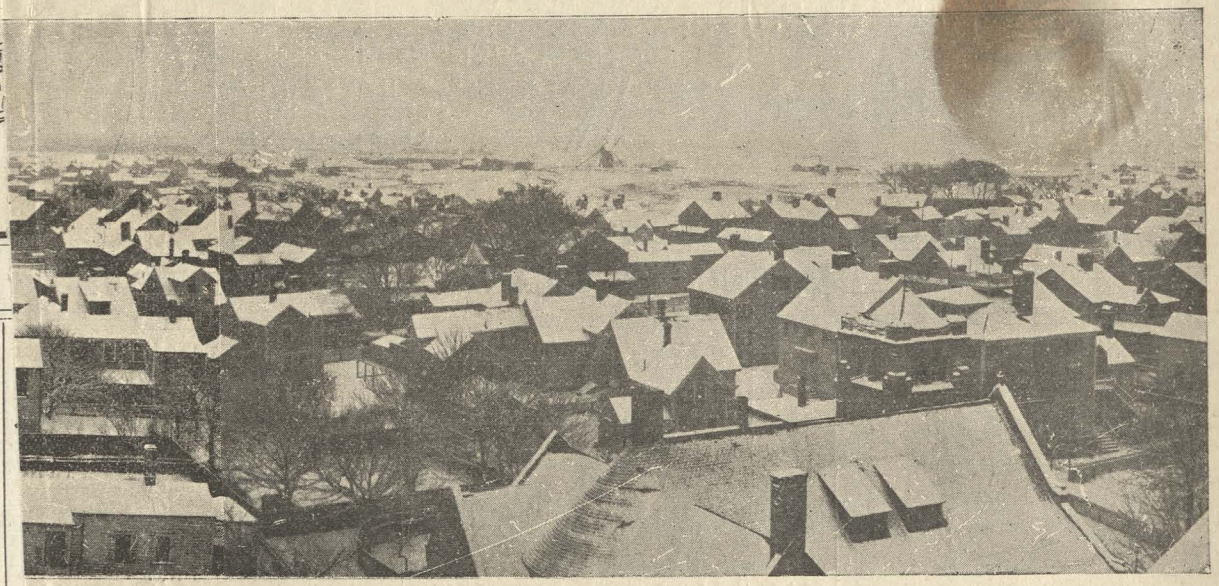


COMPARE THIS VIEW WITH THAT OF TODAY AND NOTE THE CHANGES THAT HAVE OCCURRED THERE WITHIN A COMPARATIVELY FEW YEARS.



VENTY YEARS AGO----- 11.6 INCHES OF SNOW



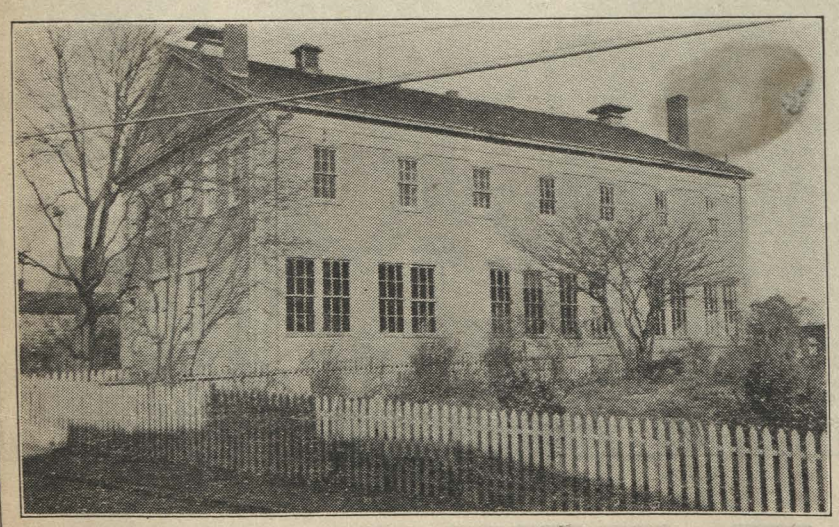
nd the snowfall reached a depth of 11.6 inches. There was sleighing and coasting from the 10th to cables were out of commission for a time. The above view was taken from the south tower looking w. The temperature held in the low 30's several days and streets and walks were frozen solid,, mak- the streets then).

Gloucester Fleet Returns With $500,000 Haul of Mackerel.

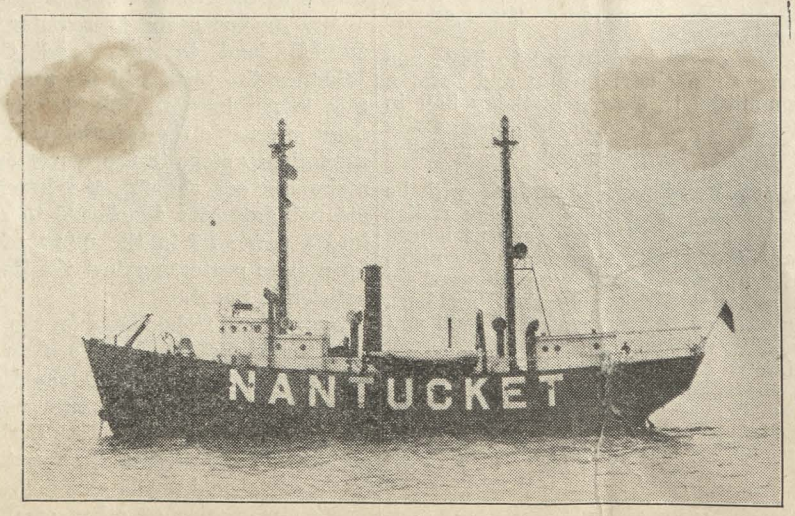
The Gloucester fishing fleet put into Cape May, N. J., on Tuesday with the first large haul of mackerel made this season—a catch said to be worth $500,000.

Old salts reported plenty of "fire on the water" down the coast and predicted the catch would run to $500,000 worth. Their bulging nets decimated the first phosphorescent school about forty-five miles southeast of the southernmost tip of New Jersey.

Nervous and wily, the mackerel are



The old South School building on Orange street, built in the early 50's. Upper floor was for many years used as a town hall and court-room. Sold by the town at public auction for $6,500. Razing of the building was started December 9, 1931.



NANTUCKET SOUTH SHOALS LIGHTSHIP NO. 117.

THIS HAPPENED ONLY TEN YEARS AGO--IN FEBRUARY, 1923.

Steamer Sankaty battling her way through the ice blockade at Brant Point. December and January had been unusually mild and springlike—as had the first week in February. And then came the freeze-up!

NANTUCKET'S "BONE OF CONTENTION"----WHO OWNS THE BEACH?

A view of the Cliff Bathing Beach fifteen years ago, showing the section now under controversy. The ten acres taken by the town under the park act of 1903 is a considerable distance east from the land now called the "cliff beach," as shown by the survey on record and the bounds placed, which are east of the concrete road leading down to the beach and apart from the section of land shown in this picture. The town has occupied and leased this land since 1904, however, and it has been the general impression that it was the town's property. Franklin E. Smith claims ownership, however, and at the last annual town meeting he offered to give the town a clear title to the property for $6,000, but the town felt otherwise inclined, with the result that a long-drawn-out controversy in the courts seems in prospect—that is, unless the town can reach an amicable settlement with Mr. Smith in the meantime, in order that the bathing beach may be conducted the coming season.

A picture of the cliff beach taken in 1890 shows the "White City" buildings standing on the Alley (Burdick) land far to the eastward of the land used as the beach since 1904.

WINDING ROADS THROUGH "SAUL'S HILLS" LEAD TO "ALTAR ROCK."

Straight Wharf in 1868—a period when "wood coasters" made frequent trips to the island with fuel.

"Hepsy Hussey's School" on Fair street. he building was later moved to Quince street and is shown in the illustration of Delia Hussey's cent school elsewhere. The building was at one time occupied on Quince street by John W. Hallett, who made "linen dusters" there. It is now owned by Mrs. Henry Lang.

This is how Nantucket enjoyed its baseball some twenty years ago. The picture above shows the Sea Cliff-Hyannis game on August 18, 1915. The enthusiastic support of the summer visitors and townspeople made these games successful. "Rooters" gathered about the base-lines and did not hesitate to dip into their pockets for a dime or a quarter—there was no admission charge. Base ball was in its proper place as an entertaining sport. It was estimated that a crowd of 1,000 "fans" saw this game. This fieldwas owned by the Sea Cliff hotel, and furnished an ideal location for base ball for several years. During the past month, the Nantucket Athletic Association has been in touch with Mr. Winthrop Coffin, present owner of the property. Mr. Coffin has had one conference with the Selectmen, but while the Board showed appreciation it adjourned without any official assurance that the town would support the proposed plan. The Association be-lieves the location is ideal—but it wishes to have the sanction of the town. It is the contention of the Association that if Mr. Coffin is generous enough to again offer the property to the town, with the stipulation that a proper athletic field be provided, then the town should accept—or at least explain why the proposition is not acceptable. The photograph above shows that a base ball field was ideally located there twenty years ago. It would not cost a great deal to lay out another field in the same location.

AN ARTIST'S PICTURE OF THE "OLD MILL" ON A HAZY MORNING.

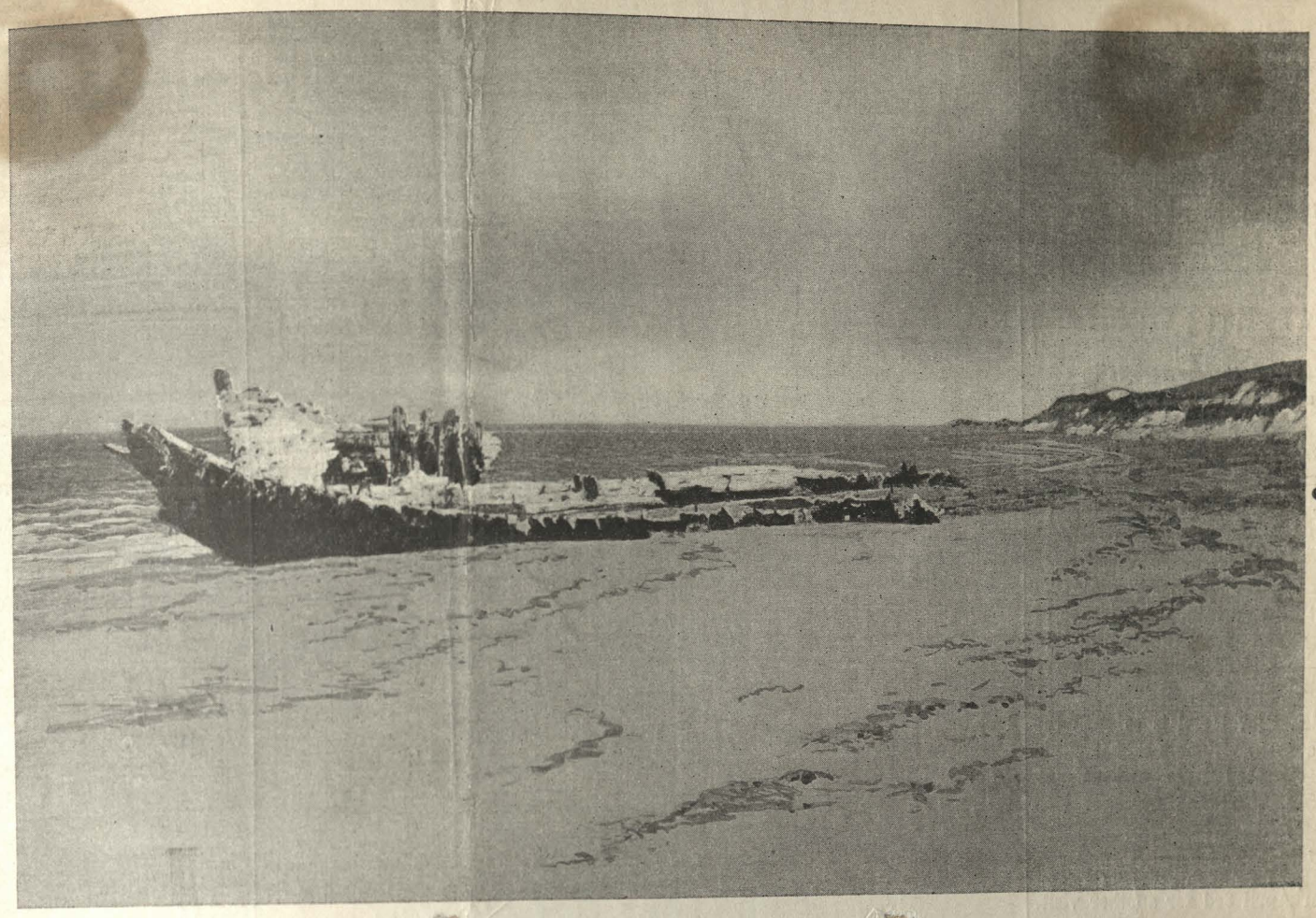
FEDERAL STREET THEN AND NOW

FEDERAL STREET AS IT WAS IN 1860

The street was merely a sand road, "dished from curb to curb". On the right appears Oliver Hussey's news-stand, with the headquarters of No. 8 Engine Company on the upper floor. The white building next to it was then used as a dental office by David G. Hussey. Some years ago it was removed to the head of Steamboat wharf, where it was used for a restaurant. Later it was moved across the flats to Beachside, where it is now an attractive summer cottage. The high fence north of this building was in front of Harmony Hall, which later became St. Mary's Church. The site of the two buildings is now occupied by the present Catholic Church building.

Federal Street seventy years later. Horse-drawn vehicles have given place to automobiles.

THE LAST OF THE GOOD SHIP "ASIA"



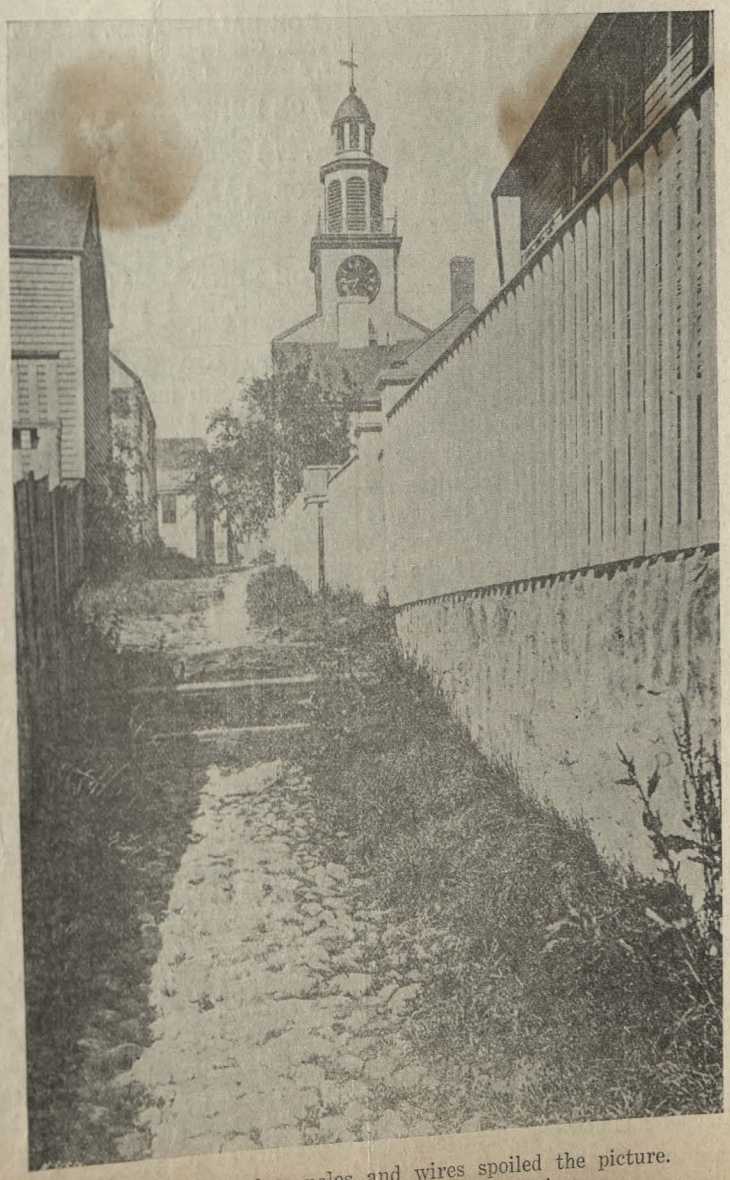
The Loss of the Good Ship "Asia" a Sad Tale.

The above picture of the ship "Asia" was taken forty-one years ago today, as the piece of her hulk rested on the beach near "Sachem" spring. Portions of her timbers are still buried beneath the sands there. The loss of the "Asia" was one of the most harrowing of the many ship wrecks that have occurred around Nantucket island.

The good ship left Manila, Philippine Islands, heavily laden with hemp, bound for Boston. On the 20th of February, 1898, she ran into a furious snow-storm in approaching the coast and struck on Great Round shoal. The first knowledge of the disaster was gained two days later, when a tug put into Woods Hole with two bodies—a man with a little girl clasped in his arms, which had been taken from floating wreckage encountered near Handkerchief shoal.

The bodies proved to be those of the mate of the Asia and the captain's daughter, who, with her mother, had accompanied the captain on the voyage. The mate had evidently made a valiant effort to save the little girl and when found two days after the ship-wreck, she was firmly clasped in his arms.

Later it was learned that three seamen, suffering from exposure and exhausted, had been rescued by the crew of Handkerchief lightship from a piece of the vessel on which they had drifted from the scene of disaster, having been afloat on the wintry sea without food or water for more than twenty-four hours. It was from them that the story of the loss of the Asia was



"Stone Alley" before poles and wires spoiled the picture.

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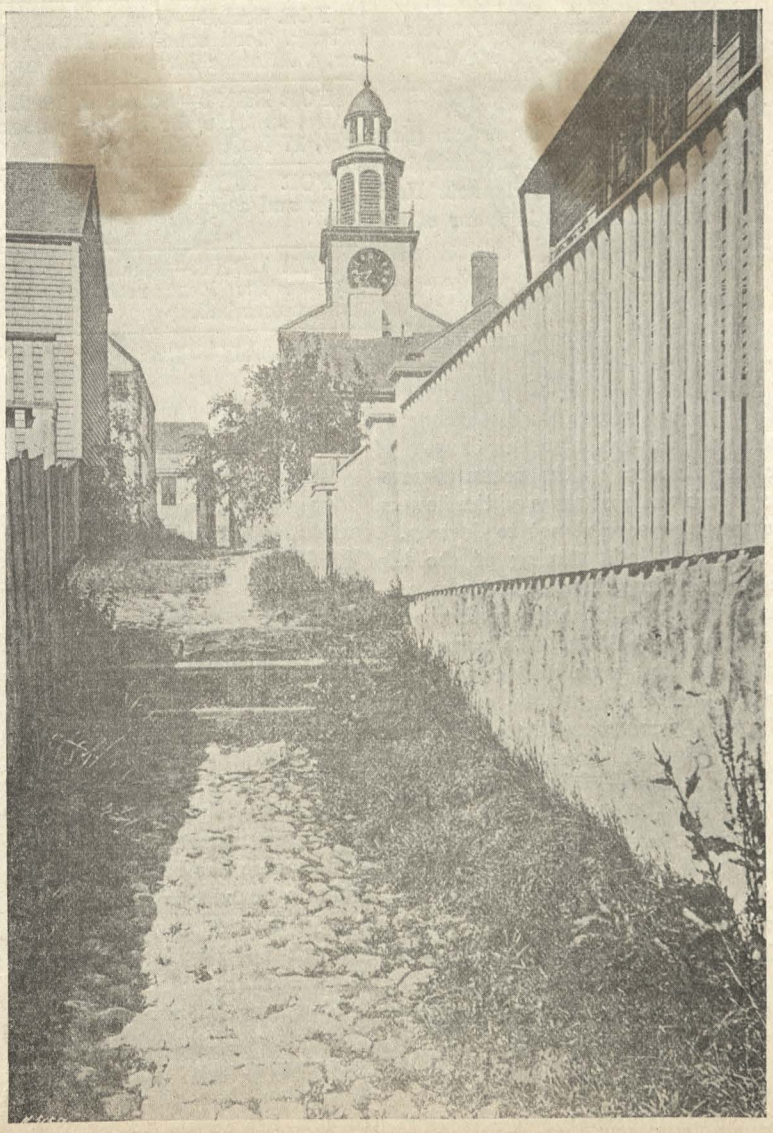
For about a month, well into March, the sound was strewn with wreckage, bales of hemp and debris, a considerable quantity of which was picked up by boats and drifted ashore on Nantucket and the Cape. In all, about a thousand bales of hemp were secured, 300 of which were landed on Nantucket.

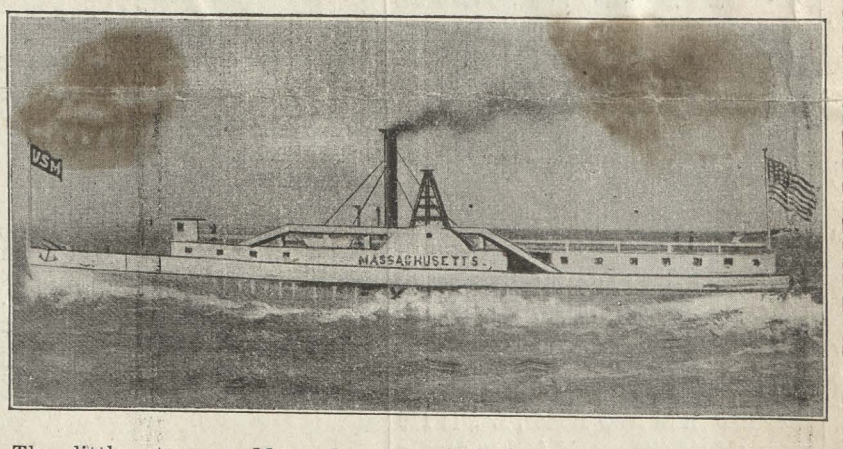
The bow of the ship washed ashore on the north side of Nantucket and for several years portions of it were still visible. The above picture was taken the year after the wreck, after much of the lumber had been removed for fire-wood.

The Asia was a ship of 1500 tons, valued at $25,000. Her cargo was valued at $100,000. She carried a crew of twenty three men, only three of whom were saved.



"Stone Alley" before poles and wires spoiled the picture.

Passengers landing by ladder from the steamer's bow onto the ice.



The little steamer *Massachusetts* plied between Nantucket and the mainland from 1842 until 1858. She became a transport in the Civil War, being re-named *John W. D. Pentz*. Her later experiences found her still in operation in Chesapeake Bay as late as the 1880's. Her length, 161 ft.

The largest corn-hog payment, $157,020, also went to a California corporation which fed its hogs mostly garbage instead of corn.

A California concern also received the largest payment for not growing rice, amounting to $63,768. A Florida company received the highest payment for not growing tobacco, $41,454.

The aristocrats of the relief grabbers, as is shown above, were big sugar companies, three of which averaged more than a million dollars each in AAA benefits. They are now probably figuring how to obtain an equal measure of "relief" from the operation of the new soil conservation law.

"Take a Walk" (and why!)

I've always thought the donkey was
Just slightly asinine;
But even he now seems to see
The New Deal isn't fine.

His constitution's much impaired;
He's feeling very sick.
Just watch him balk! Then "take a walk"
And see how he can kick!

For Roosevelt's not a Democrat.
That platform's gone for naught,
As with a smile he does defile
Even our highest court!

He's singing "Happy Days" again
And says that all is well.
It beats the Dutch. It isn't much.
It's just a "breathing spell".

The only thing he "fears is fear".
Of what is he afraid?
P'haps Hamilton will have some fun
With this remark he made!

I bet a hat he knows full well
He's put us in a hole.
His madcap schemes are like bad

---

the success of the Governor in securing by devious means passage of appropriations totalling $72,500,000, as compared with $58,100,000 in 1934, the year prior to the infliction of the present regime on the people, an increase in the general fund budget from $43,400,000 to $50,200,000 in these same two years speak for itself of the type of utter disregard for the taxpayers which has marked almost every act of the present administration, particularly when it is considered that this same budget totalled only $41,800,000 in 1929. The brazen disregard for legislative votes by unscrupulous use of the thousands of jobs and the million dollars at its command have proved conclusively to the public the lengths to which the present administration chose to go to attain its ends, and show the type of opposition which representatives of the organized taxpayers had to meet in their appeals to legislators to place the interests of their constituents first.

"We believe, however, that attention should be drawn to the few bright spots in the recent legislative session. These include the defeat of the Governor's grandiose bond issue schemes, the prevention of imposition of a flock of new taxes to provide more fodder for the state squander experts, the band-wagon success of our long fight for a popular vote on biennial sessions, and the authorization of the first real study of our tax and expenditure structure in this Commonwealth. To those faithful public servants in the Legislature who refused to yield to the lure of pork barrel promises and soft jobs on the now leech-infested state payroll, we believe the gratitude of the taxpayers should be expressed.

"The outlook for the coming year is

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struck a group of t
bounced over ont
balcony, uninjured.

After a robin beca
tangled in the build
had carried into a tre
Ill., while constructing
company, including the h
der crew, was called out t
bird.

Within 10 miles of Auck
Zealand's largest seaport, t
no fewer than 63 volcanic
Aso San, a town of 2,000 pop
in Japan, actually lies in a vo
crater with fire-blackened walls
800 feet.

Rai Bahadur Rampidas Bajor
wealthy 65-year-old merchant of Cal
cutta, India, has offered 2,000 pound
($10,000) to any one who can mak
him sleep. For two years doctor
have tried every known treatment
and even narcotics failed to have an
effect.

Democratic leaders predict tha
President Roosevelt will carry all o
the 48 states in November. Before
Governor Landon gets too discouraged
may we remind him that the boxing
experts said that Joe Louis woul
win by a knockout inside of fou
rounds?

An embryo Babe Ruth sent tw
men to the hospital a few days ag
when he hit a home run in a sand lo
baseball game in Brooklyn. The bal
struck a horse drawing a deliver
wagon; the horse ran away, throw
ing the driver out on his head, an
injuring a policeman who attempte
to stop it.

When Jesse Baker, of Philadelphia
was a baseball hero and the home ru
king of his day more than half a cen
tury ago, his invalid mother wa
sometimes able to attend the game

NINETY YEARS AGO LAST MONDAY

PLAN OF THE TOWN OF NANTUCKET SHOWING DISTRICT BURNED OVER IN THE FIRE OF 1846.

1.—Geary's Hat Store, where the fire commenced, (now the site occupied by the Nantucket Spa). 2—Trinity Church. 3—Atheneum. 4—Washington Hall, a large building. 5—Citizen's Bank, papers saved. 6—Manufacturers and Merchants Bank. 7—Aaron Mitchell's brick house and the largest hot houses on the island, every part of which was destroyed. 8—Dwelling of George Myrick, which was not burned. 9—Brick Office, Custom House and Commercial Insurance Office, the walls of which stood perfect. 10—Pacific Bank building, not injured. 11—Methodist Church building, slightly injured. 12—Jared Coffin's brick dwelling, saved without damage (now the Ocean House). 13—Unitarian Church, saved. 14—North Congregational Church, saved. 15—Gosnold House. 16—Sea street.

(Drawing copied from the original sketch in the Nantucket Inquirer of July 27, 1846.)

"Great Fire" Swept Nantucket Ninety Years Ago.

The worst catastrophe ever occurring on Nantucket was what has always been called the "great fire", in which one-third of the business section of the town was swept away by the flames on July 13, 1846—ninety years ago last Monday. Even the rising generation today hears occasional reference made to the "great fire", but mostly in connection with Nantucket history, for there are none living today who can recall the terrible event of 1846 from memory's pages.

The fire started about 11 o'clock on Monday evening, the 13th of July. It originated in the hat store of William H. Geary (approximately the site now occupied by the Spa) and, spreading up and down, burned all the buildings on the south side of Main street, between Orange street and the Straight and South wharfs. Crossing Main street, it spread in all directions, consuming everything east of Centre street between Main and Broad streets, also the buildings on the west side of Centre street between that and the harbor, as also the the house of Mrs. Upham (now site f H. Marshall Gardiner's building) nd Quince street, but fortunately sparing the Methodist church building. Crossing broad street, it burned the fine Episcopal church, and all buildings on the north side between buildings on the east side of North Water street, as far north as the residence of William E. Burchell, and several houses on the west side. Between three and four hundred buildings were burned and property to the amount of nearly $1,000,000 was destroyed. Had the efforts to save the Methodist church proved unavailing, the probability is that the whole northwest section of the town would have been burned.

The extent of the devastated area is shown on the map printed herewith, which was made a few days after the fire occurred.

It has always been claimed by many that but for the obstinacy of the Cataract engine company (which was a private company owning the engine which is now preserved in the rooms of the Historical Association) the flames would never have gone beyond the Geary store.

The officials failing to exercise authority and the loss of time occasioned in getting No. 8 to another cistern and in working order, gave the flames a chance to spread and soon the fire was beyond control and sweeping northward.

From the Daily Warder of 1846 we copy the following article which is an excellent description of the "great fire", written by an observer:

This disaster occurred between the hours of 11 p. m. on Monday and 6 a. m. on Tuesday last. Upwards of three hundred buildings, including many public edifices, and the most valuable stores and warehouses, with numerous costly private dwellings, were in that incredibly brief space of time reduced to ashes. A prodigious amount of merchandise, furniture and other personal property was also consumed; for such was the furious velocity which signalized the course of this extraordinary conflagration that but very little could be saved from its devouring grasp.

Articles were removed from place to place repeatedly and at length burnt in their supposed places of refuge, at points very remote from the spots whence they were first taken. So intense was the heat that the widest streets became impassable. People could only operate upon the outer boundaries, and the vast area comprehending the burnt district at one period seemed like an interminable sea of fire.

No forms of language can convey an accurate idea of the horrors of that memorable night. No rain had fallen for a long time, and the houses, which were chiefly of wood, had become by the agency of many long days of unbroken sunshine, amply ripened for their destiny. The flames flew from house to house, crossing streets, lanes and courts.

Explosions of gun-powder and torrents of water seemed alike unavail-

The north side of Main Street before the fire of 1846.

ing, though directed by the stoutest arms and the most desperate and determined spirits. All night long were these doomed people thus exercised, harrassed and foiled. Human strength and skill were at last exhausted, and the fire having engorged everything within its reach, subsided only for lack of other accessible materials. Men fell powerless in the highways, utterly worn down and disheartened. Fire engines wrought in the most dangerous positions up to the last moment, were yielded to the flames which poured in upon them from opposite quarters.

The phenomenon which was witnessed here at the great fire of 1838, was again observable. Vast quantities of oil stored in sheds and oil-yards, becoming heated in the casks, burst forth upon the ground, became at once ignited and rolled in fiery floods into the harbor below Beach street, covering the surface of the water to a great distance with sheets of living flame.

But so appalling was the scene—so intensely engaged and excited were the populace of all ages and sexes—that no moments could be spared for contemplating the particular terrors of this dreadful conflagration. And even now the inhabitants generally are scarcely willing to credit their senses. The whole is like a painful, paralyzing dream.

Besides the destruction of the business section of the town, the number of families who lost their homes was considerably over two hundred. These families probably averaged not far from five members each, so that more than one thousand persons were rendered homeless by the fire in the space of a few hours. So rapid was the progress of the flames that most of these families lost more than half their household goods, and a majority of them well-nigh the whole.

It is said that more than thirty widows resided in the burnt district, most of them poor and not a few of them with children depending upon their earnings for bread.

The amount of aid sent the stricken inhabitants from the mainland was large, contributions of money, clothing and provisions being sent at once from nearby cities and towns. The city of Fall River loaded the steamer Bradford Durfee and sent her down to Nantucket as a relief ship a few days after the fire, and thousands of dollars were subscribed in Boston and other cities for the relief of the Nantucketers.

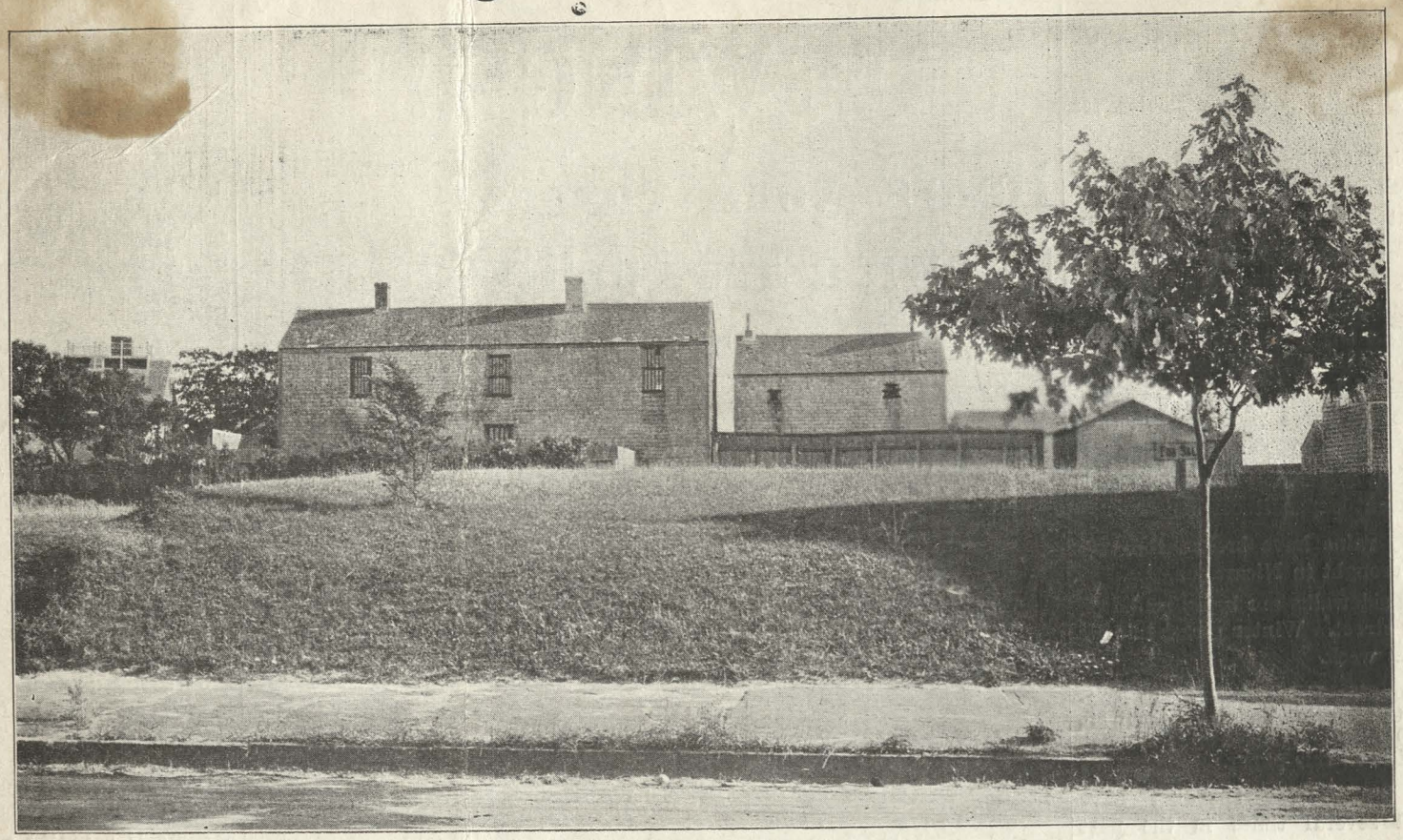
A survey of the burnt district was made soon after the fire and it was found to cover thirty-six acres. It was by far the most compact section of the town and as the streets running through it were narrow the greater part of the land was covered with buildings.

As soon as possible after the islanders began to recover from the shock they commenced rebuilding and temporary structures were put up on the south side of Main street in which to do business, with the intention of more substantial structures later. But this side of the street was never rebuilt as planned, between Orange and Union streets, and the temporary, make-shift buildings erected soon after the fire of 1846, were left standing until 1926 when the new Wing and Anastos blocks were built.

On the north side of the street, however, brick buildings were erected and they were substantial structures.

In re-locating the street lines after the fire, Main street was widened considerably, the north line being set back a number of feet, thus forming what is now known as "the square", with the Pacific Bank building facing it on the west and the Pacific Club building on the east.

A Quarter - Century Ago

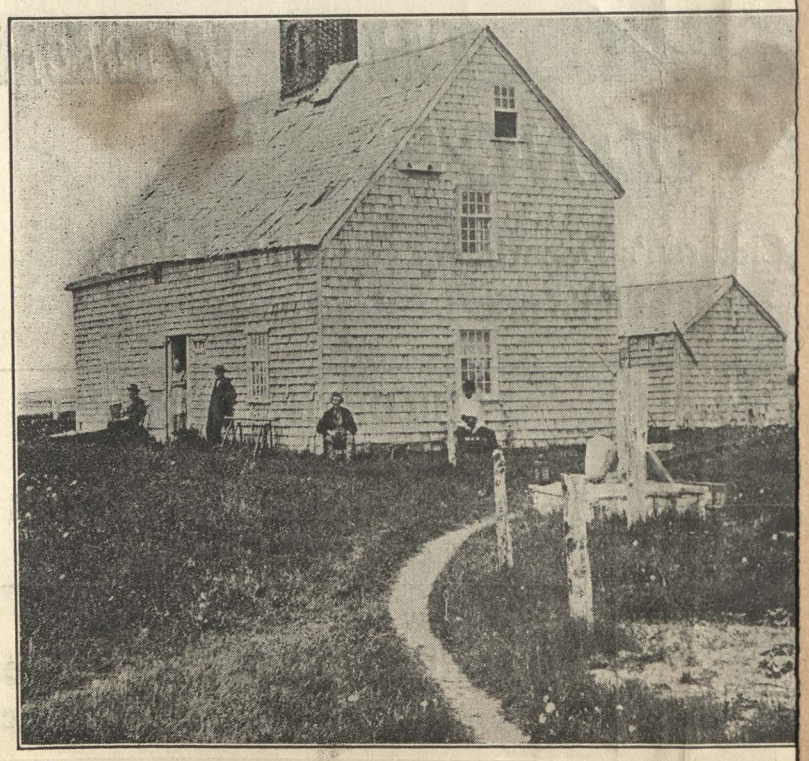


NANTUCKET'S HISTORIC OLD JAIL AND HOUSE OF CORRECTION IN 1914

Twenty-five years ago, the State Commissioners of Prisons and Penal Institutions contemplated abolishing Nantucket's Old Jail. The view above shows the institution as it appeared on the eve of its 100th year, as history records it was placed on the spot in 1815, although there is authority for belief that the little jail (on the right) is much older and was removed from another location. Many indignant protests poured in and the Town decided to keep the ancient structures. A number of interesting anecdotes are told about the "penal institution" pictured above, one of the most amusing having to do with the prisoner who wrote to the selectmen and asked them to have the fences repaired as the sheep came in the yard and wandered through the open door into his "room." Several criminals did find the jail escape proof in later years, although a number of daring escapes have been recorded, the latest of which was that of Charles Freeman who, in 1932, broke away after knocking down the jailor, and managed to escape from the island despite a "man-hunt." Five years later he was apprehended in California and brought back for trial and sentence. But, for a century and a quarter very few have ever occupied the Old Jail, so that today it is merely an interesting example of the old New England prisons—but it is still used by the local authorites. The above view was taken from Main street at a position which would be blocked by houses today.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE JAIL

This flight of steps was familiar to quantities of boys in the past who played hide-and-go-seek in the jail yard. Not many criminals, however, have climbed these stairs to enter the little enclosure known as the jail.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1863.

FRED PARKER AMID THE PEACE OF HIS HERMITAGE AT QUIDNET

The Romance of Fred Parker Hermit of Quidnet.

The "hermit of Quidnet" passed away nearly fifty-five years ago. Only a few people are living on Nantucket today who can recall Fred Parker and the little building where he lived alone summer and winter so many years. He was known to be eccentric, cared naught for companionship, yet was always courteous, although not exactly sociable at any time. That there was some hidden story in his life was well known, yet few people ever dared venture beneath the old man's stern exterior, even on one of the rare occasions when a twinkle slyly crept into his eyes as a visitor on seeing a penny on the floor would stoop to pick it up only to find that the hermit had it nailed there.

A short time ago a subscriber inquired whether there really was a romance lurking somewhere in the early life of Fred Parker that caused him to prefer a life alone in the little village of Quidnet, far from the town proper, where the quiet and peace that the man sought were broken only by the lapping of the ocean on the shore or the sound of the wild birds seeking the shelter of Sesachacha pond. It seems that there was more than a mere romance connected with the life of the Quidnet hermit. Fred Parker had a sweetheart who played him false; he afterwards had a wife with whom he was not congenial. His life was not without its

that night by the enamored fellow. Intimacy followed, and young Parker made her his confidant. He was madly in love. When she left the island for the Vineyard in the fall her hand was pledged to him. They were to be married when the ship came in. He would then be of age.

Through the long, cold winter that followed, the straggling New Bedford mail packet made only now and then a trip to the Nantucket shore. But each time it came and went it transferred letters and pledges of love between young Parker and his affianced. Her notes were tender and assuring, his responses ardent and truthful.

The *Franklin* was much overdue, he wrote the following spring, but she was a staunch vessel and in most skillful hands. A competency and happiness could not fail to be in store for them. Other months of waiting followed. Then there was a break in Mollie's letters. The young lover could not account for it. A two weeks' gale prevailed, and then the mail boat came, but he got no word from her. He wrote her upbraidingly.

After this there came another fortnight's storm, and the mail boat was not seen again for fifteen days. When she did arrive she brought a bulky delayed mail, and the late New York and Boston papers were eagerly sought for by the ship owners and business men. In one of them Fred Parker found a dispatch then over

Franklin and his love for the Vineyard girl who had turned him down.

One day a young woman came along—an attractive girl in every sense. She stopped to inquire about their work, queried whose house it was they were working on, and gradually drew young Parker into conversation. Occasionally they would meet when he was bound homeward after work and a friendship gradually developed.

Casually she asked him if he would not like to come to a husking party to be held the next Saturday. There would be a lot of fun, she said, and she felt sure Parker would have a good time. He agreed to go, and whether by chance or design on the young lady's part, he found a red ear right when they were sitting there together.

Fred Parker was interested—he cast aside all lingering thoughts of the girl who had turned him down, and in a short time he was courting Sally. She lived in a house which stood on Lily street and Parker found in her what he thought he desired in a wife. He proposed, was accepted, and for a short time after the wedding they lived together.

But it seems that Sally had been brought up to be a lady—she was not interested in house-work or a family. After a short married life together, Parker's dreams were again shattered. They could not get along. She was a poor house-keeper and scorned washing and ironing, as well as cooking.

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* * * * *

In the halcyon days of this old whaling town, Fred Parker was a tall, ambitious, rather gawky youth, who served customers from behind the counters of an island grocery. He had a very moderate salary for those flush times, but his slender earnings were snugly invested, in common with all others who made money, in ships which were chasing the whale. His ventures were successful, and he labored diligently and scrimped and scraped, to gather enough to buy a sixteenth share in the ship *Franklin*, which Nantucketers were then fitting away for the oil fields of the ocean. The oil excitement was at its height. Money was pouring rapidly into the strong boxes of the rich, and business of all kinds was in a booming state. Everybody was on the lookout for fresh adventures.

Young Parker's share in the *Franklin* brought him good returns. Under Capt. Thaddeus Coffin she made a couple of good voyages and each time when she returned home Parker was able to buy another sixteenth. He was economical and denied himself many of the pleasures that other young fellows enjoyed. Folks said that he had an eye to the future and if everything broke well he would be a rich man.

Skilled with tools, he secured employment as a carpenter and during the evenings did cabinet work on his own account. The next voyage of the *Franklin* was a successful one. Capt. Joseph Chase had taken her out that time and brought in nearly 2,100 bbls. of sperm at a time when the market price was high.

Elated by the success of his venture, young Parker bought a couple of more shares in the ship and hoped she would repay him his investment with large interest. With others who were deeply interested in the *Franklin* he watched her sail out around Brant point one spring morning, unfold her snowy wings outside the bar, and head away by Great Point for distant seas. Then he went back to his work.

Time sped on. Meanwhile Fred Parker had met and loved blue-eyed Mollie Coffin, a laughing, rosy-cheeked lass from Edgartown, on the neighboring Vineyard, who had spent the summer with her cousin at Nantucket. They met at one of the features of the island, a "pound party," and she was escorted home that night by the enamored fellow. Intimacy followed, and young Parker made her his confidant. He was madly in love. When she left the island for the Vineyard in the fall her hand was pledged to him. They were to be married when the ship came in. He would then be of age.

Through the long, cold winter that followed, the straggling New Bedford mail packet made only now and then a trip to the Nantucket shore. But each time it came and went it transferred letters and pledges of love between young Parker and his affianced. Her notes were tender and assuring, his responses ardent and truthful.

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After this there came another fortnight's storm, and the mail boat was not seen again for fifteen days. When she did arrive she brought a bulky delayed mail, and the late New York and Boston papers were eagerly sought for by the ship owners and business men. In one of them Fred Parker found a dispatch then over two months old. It read as follows:

Maccio, Brazil.—The Nantucket ship *Franklin* was abandoned 300 miles off this point in a gale. She was waterlogged with 700 barrels of oil loose in the hold. She will probably break up.

Vessel insurance was not popular in those days. There was not a cent on Fred Parker's interest in the *Franklin*, and it was with blanched face and reeling brain that he read the tidings which made him worse off than a poor man—a debtor without a cent in the world. People talked about his misfortune, but he did not say a word to anyone.

The next trip of the mail boat carried him to Edgartown, where he at once repaired to the home of his intended bride. He arrived just in season to see a shower of old shoes and rice thrown out of the front door upon a little party that was clustered about a carriage in the street. The carriage drove rapidly away toward the harbor as he went in. He inquired for Mary. Her thin-lipped, grey-eyed mother struck him down as with a thunderbolt, announcing that she had just been married.

Then, while he listened in a dazed sort of way, she told him coldly that the storm which had intercepted Nantucket's mails blew into Edgartown a Bangor ship bound to the East Indies. She halted for repairs, and her delay was lengthened while the captain wooed and won Mrs. Coffin's daughter. The ship had sailed from New York, but was driven out of her way by a gale.

The captain brought ashore late papers, one of which contained the account of the loss of the Franklin. By the advice of her mother, Mrs. Coffin coldly said, Mary at once consented to give up young Parker, and after a three-weeks' courtship she became the stranger captain's wife, and had sailed away with him in his bonnie ship that very day.

The same norther which bore the false-hearted Edgartown girl out past the painted clay cliffs of Gay Head drove a light fishing dory from the Vineyard over to Nantucket. In it was seated the now broken-hearted Parker. After he reached Nantucket he kept his troubles to himself, apparently not caring for the company of other young people.

An excellent workman, he found plenty of employment and one day, while seated with their lunch pails, he told a fellow worker about his love affair. They talked things over frequently after that and gradually his friend drew from Parker the whole story about his investment in the *Franklin* and his love for the Vineyard girl who had turned him down.

One day a young woman came along—an attractive girl in every sense. She stopped to inquire about their work, queried whose house it was they were working on, and gradually drew young Parker into conversation. Occasionally they would meet when he was bound homeward after work and a friendship gradually developed.

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But it seems that Sally had been brought up to be a lady—she was not interested in house-work or a family. After a short married life together, Parker's dreams were again shattered. They could not get along. She was a poor house-keeper and scorned washing and ironing, as well as cooking.

Sally finally went to live with her sister, Mrs. Peter Raymond, and, now thoroughly disgusted with women, Parker went to Quidnet and started his hermitage. It is said that he took Sally's silver spoons with him and melted them to make buttons for his coat.

Howbeit, days, months and years passed, but no amount of persuasion could coax Parker away from his little shack—he wanted nothing more to do with women and cared naught for the companionship of men. He wanted to be let alone, to be permitted to live as he desired in the little house at Quidnet that had been built for fishermen early in the century.

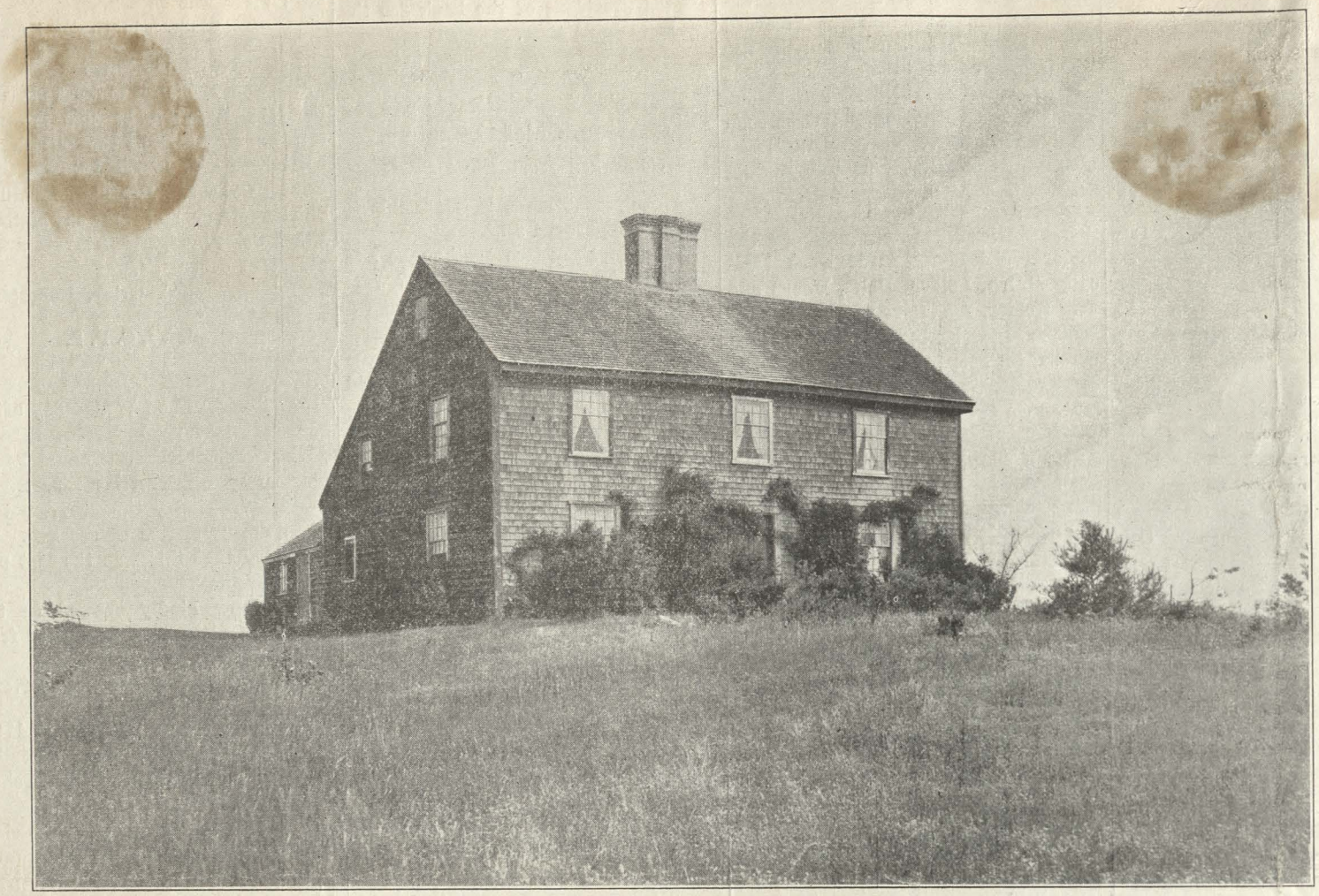
There he lived ever after, a silent man. The storms fed him with wreckage, which he pulled up and gathered about his castle. Nailed up on the habitation were a score of faded gilt name-boards of vessels which had been driven over the treacherous shoals in the last half century. Many lives he saved by burning fires near his door for the guidance of fishermen and sailors, and many were the blessings he received. Of himself, however, he would say nothing, and finally his story became as much of a mystery to the newer generation of islanders as to the stranger.

* * * * *

Until the last, the old man preserved the sphinx-like mystery which hung about him. He was stricken ill and for several days no one knew it until a fisherman, passing by his shack, happened to glance within. The old man was huddled in his chair. A ray of light from the window shot over his shoulder and fell upon the closed Bible on his knee. His bowed head was upon his breast, shrouded in the white hair which reached far below his shoulders, and his wonderful, heavy, snowy beard rippled down almost to the floor. He was clad in his customary threadbare, coarse garments, the patches on which were piled one above the other, but stitched with the neatness and precision of a woman's hand.

Kind hands brought him to town and he was given tender care in the institution now known as "Our Island Home." There he passed away on the 18th of December, 1880, carrying with him memories of a shattered romance, of a short and unhappy wedded life.

During his last hours he made just one request. He wanted his Bible buried with him. On the fly-leaf, written by his mother many years before, were the words: "To my boy, Fred. Always be true!"



THE HISTORIC ELIHU COLEMAN HOUSE AT THE END OF HAWTHORN LANE

The sturdy dwelling that Elihu Coleman built in 1722 is the only dwelling now left to mark Duke Street's rambling length, with its several farmhouses which connected the older settlement of Sherburne with the new cluster built on the Wesco hill slopes at the great harbor. This was the type of house built by the Nantucketers of the early eighteenth century, facing south, of the lean-to type, with the front a full two stories and the north roof sloping down to one story. The central chimney is a massive one, containing the largest fire-place on the island. The frame of the house is still solid, with the corner posts revealed as well as the summers and girders. The kitchen chimney is also of interesting construction, connecting with the main chimney. It has been displayed to hundreds of visitors during the past decade by Mrs. Rose Ring Forbes, who has now sold it to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Blair.

Elihu Coleman House Purchased By Mr. and Mrs. Blair.

The historic Elihu Coleman House on Hawthorn Lane was purchased several days ago by Mr. and Mrs. Walter Blair, of Nantucket and Tarrytown, N. Y., news of the sale being released this week. Mrs. Rose Ring Forbes, who has owned it for the past fifteen years, and who did so much to restore the structure to its former appearance, regretfully bids adieu to a spot with which she has been identified by her many friends and acquaintances during the intervening years.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Blair have been residents of Nantucket some time, living in their little home near Hinckley Lane during the summer months. Mrs. Blair, who is well-known to islanders as Elizabeth Hollister, belongs to a family which has made Nantucket their summer home for generations.

Her great-grandfather, Thurlow Weed, was the first of the family to come here, and his daughter, Emily Peck Weed, her grandmother, came with her husband, William Barnes, Sr., the latter first living at "Driftwood" on the point, and then buying the O'Connor mansion on the Cliff, now the Breckinridge Long residence. Mr. Barnes lived there until his death, in his 93rd year.

Mrs. Blair's mother, Emily Weed Hollister, carried along the family devotion for Nantucket, the Hollisters purchasing the Obed Macy house, on Pleasant street, where Mrs. Blair spent her girlhood. The family afterward moved to 32 Orange street.

* * * * *

The Elihu Coleman House is secure in its especial reputation as an historic island dwelling. It has been comparatively only lately appreciated, however, by historians and architects alike.

The strudy house was built in 1722 twenty years, and who did so much to tances for two decades.

by Elihu Coleman, a carpenter, and an elder in the Society of Friends. He lived here all his life, and in one of the rooms wrote his famous tract on anti-slavery, one of the earliest pamphlets against slavery in the history of colonial times.

Elihu's son, William, also lived his life here, the family's possession of the place going well beyond a hundred years. It then passed into the hands of another family of Friends—year 1862, when they presented it to the town.

Some time around the turn of the twentieth century, the house was sold again, and at this time old Benjamin Coffin, a Civil War veteran, had a life-right in the house, living here during the early 1900's, and at his death it went through several years of a solitary, unoccupied existence, finally being purchased for a paltry sum at an auction by Miss Annie Barker Folger, who sold it to Mrs. Forbes.

* * * * *

Mill Brook, which arises near the hawthorn lot, across the road, and winds down through the property of Mrs. Blair, thence to Hummock Pond, was a stream utilized by the early settlers of the island for a fulling mill. Along the banks of he brook today are bramble thickets and clusters of hawthorn and pine trees, affording a pleasant vista and setting for the house.

* * * * *

In its architectural construction the house closely resembles the Major Josiah Coffin house, at the juncture of North Liberty street and Cliff road, which is owned by Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Tuttle. Mrs. Tuttle is Mrs. Blair's sister.

* * * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Blair intend to retain the old-time features of the house while installing necessary modern conveniences. It is their plan to furnish it in keeping with its character and period, thus preserving another island dwelling of a type which typifies all the sturdy qualities of its builders.

REFERRING TO HIGH TIDES---HOW'S YOUR MEMORY?

The storm of January 13, 1915, brought a much higher tide than the recent storm, as these pictures show.

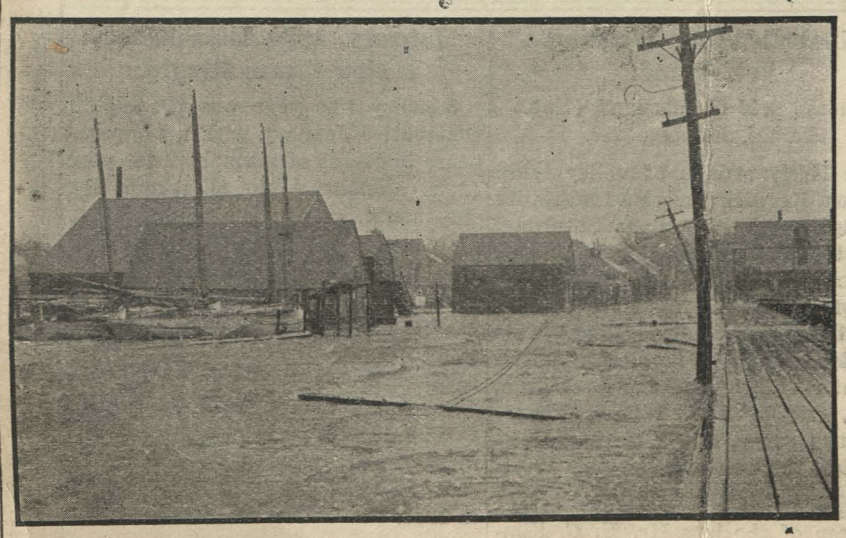
JAN 13, 1940

A harbor view at the height of the storm. The picture was taken from the top of the Red Men's biulding.

Commercial wharf was well under water and the tide swept up across Washington street and half way up Coffin street towards Union.

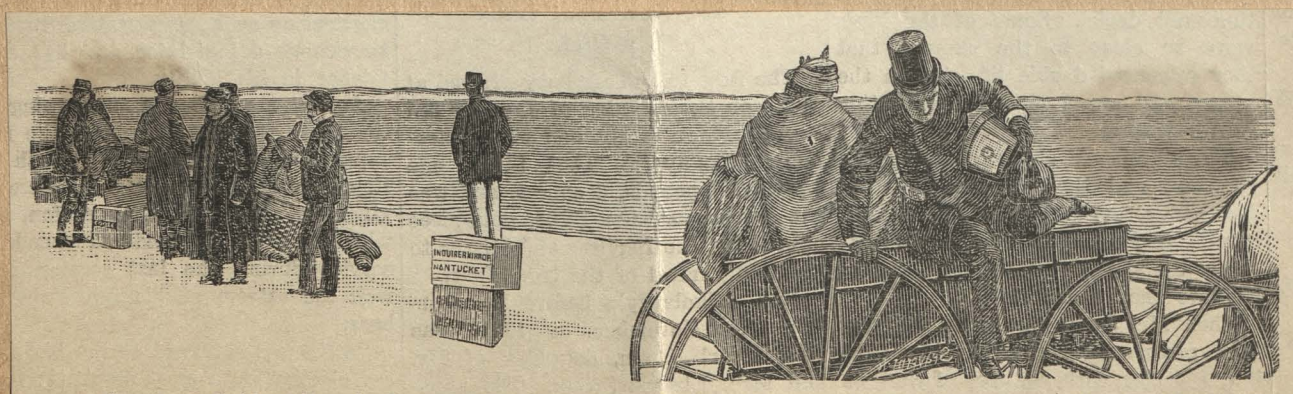
A glimpse of the section then known as "The Thousand-dollar Road". Beach street was under water along the line of the slat fence. The water reached up around the Springfield House to North Water street.

Old North wharf was submerged to a depth of two feet.



Looking down Steamboat wharf from the corner of South Water street.

Looking up Steamboat wharf. The water reached the corner of South Water street.



Scene on Quidnet Beach, January 22, 1893, when the late Standish Wilcox, then a reporter for the Boston Globe, was about to take his departure with his stove-pipe hat.

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Seal of said Court.

Southworth, Recorder.

physician, or if there is no regular family physician, an interested physician should be secured who can be of assistance to the visitor in determining the medical needs of the applicant. Advantage should be given of any near-by clinics through which the client may benefit. If hospitalization is necessary, the funds available under this law will be used to defray expenses, but it does not mean that the expense of support in any city or town infirmary will be paid under this law.

6. Private social agencies. The use of these is to be encouraged so as to secure as much social service as possible for the aged person. Private agencies should be urged to continue financial aid.

Kind of aid and method of disbursement. As far as possible and when the applicant can be trusted with funds, aid should be rendered by cash or check sent directly to the aged person. There should be no lines or waiting.

8. Money or property owned. It is not the purpose of the law to impoverish the aged person nor, on the other hand, to enable him to carry property at public expense. An equity in real estate used as a family home of $1,500 will be approved, provided carrying charges are compatible with reasonable rents. Funds of $300, including insurance, cash in bank, etc., will be allowed. And, an applicant, may undertake to reimburse the city or town for a portion of the aid granted by giving a second mortgage on his real estate without interest.

9. Bureau of old age assistance. The law requires that each local Board of Public Welfare shall establish a division to be known as the Bureau of Old Age Assistance. The purpose is not to create class distinction but to insure greater care in dealing with this special work. The Bureau will vary with the size of the city or town. Its personnel may be various: One member of local board, or one member and one or more interested citizens. The form or organization should be submitted to the state department for approval.

10. State Department Advisory committee. Special cases raising a question as to the interpretation of these policies or indicating the need of amending them are to be reported to the superintendent of old age assistance who will consult with a committee consisting of representatives of the advisory board and staff of the department.

Such are the policies as formulated by the State Department. It will be seen at once that these policies assist local boards in their endeavor to carry out the law and in no way attempt centralization. One of the salient features of the law lies in the fact that its administration is local; that applicants are dealing with townsmen who should best know of the applicant and his just needs. And this leads up to the educational advantages which must come from proper state supervision.

Supervision rightly administered bases its success on the fact that as it leads so will the supervised follow. The power of suggestion and recommendation is far more effective educationally than is absolute control backed by law and, if the goal is reached in this way, the effect is lasting and has been accomplished usually without

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one was insane. The old idea t
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accidents.

The year 1931 opened with a rec
breaking motor fatality toll—2
deaths in January, an increase o
per cent over January of the prev
year. Here is a grisly proof of
need for thorough-going investiga
into every phase of the accident
ation.

Gypsies.

Nantucket streets are gypsies;
They wander up and down
And in and out, and round about
The quiet little town.

Sometimes they travel eastward,
Sometimes they travel west,
And here and there, without a ca
They pause a while to rest;

Perhaps by latticed window,
Or ivy-covered gate,
A little gypsy lane may stop
To sit and meditate.

But soon a colored kerchief,
Of geranium or rose,
'Twill flaunt to show it's caught
breath,
As on its way it goes.

Some holiday I'll follow
A gypsy street I know,
Through ev-ry winding turn
twist,
Wherever it may go.

I'll trip along as blithely,
O'er cobble-stone and brick,
Where casement windows flicker sr
On knockers gleaming quick;

Past cots with peakéd caps,
All ruffed with widows walks,
Where shutters blink green lids at
'Neath coifs as white as chalk,

Where friendly gardens beckon,
To ev'ry passer-by,
And hedges stand stiff sentinel
'Gainst lovers such as I.

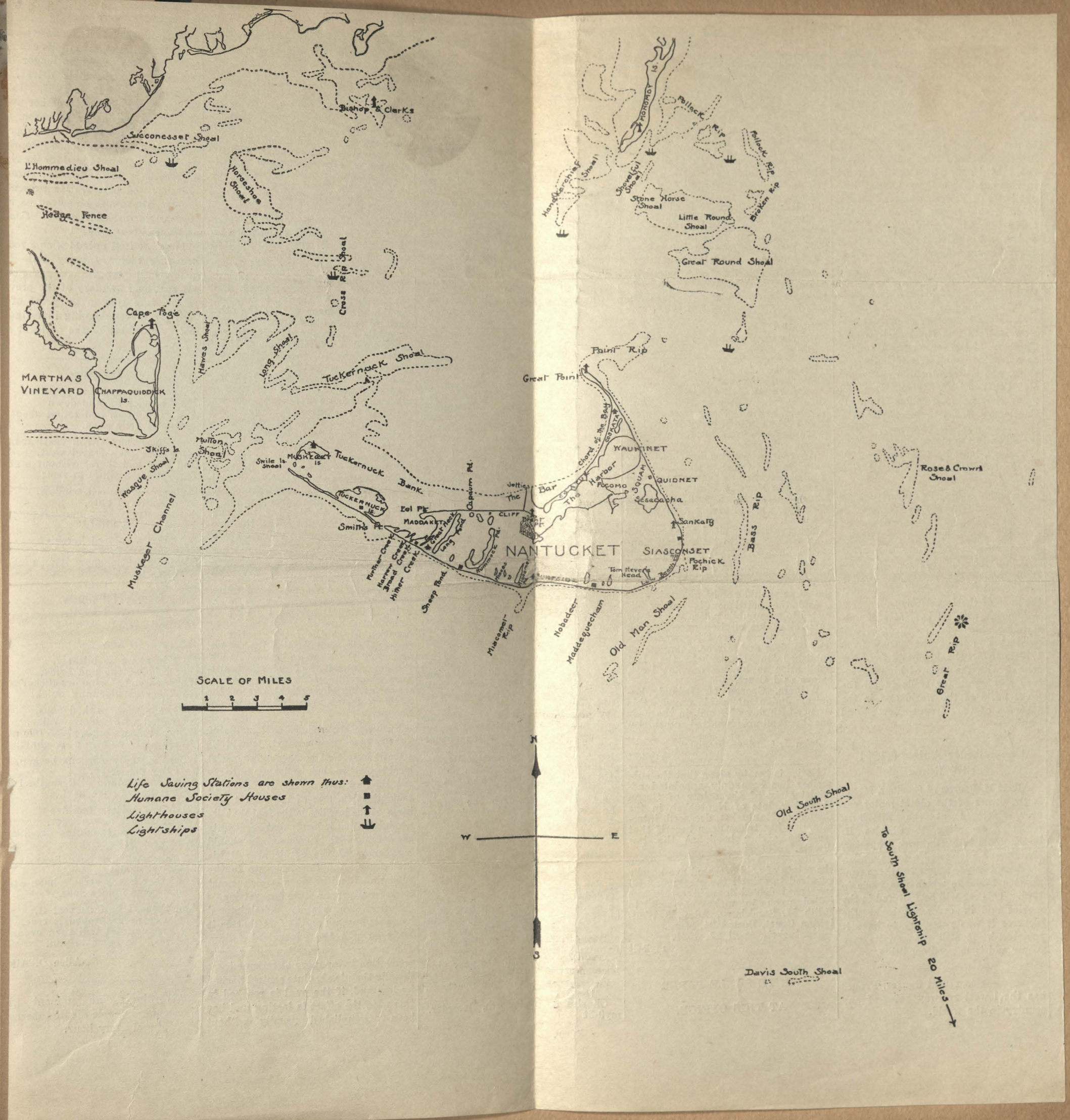
I'll follow till the bon-fire
Of the sunset blazes west,
And lights are twinkling fire-flies
In ev'ry village nest.

I'll follow till the moonlight
Floods the misty moor,
And other gypsy streets have ca
Beside some kindly door.

And then—I half suspect it,
Tho' I've never proved it true,
My gypsy street will turn aroun
And lead me home to you.

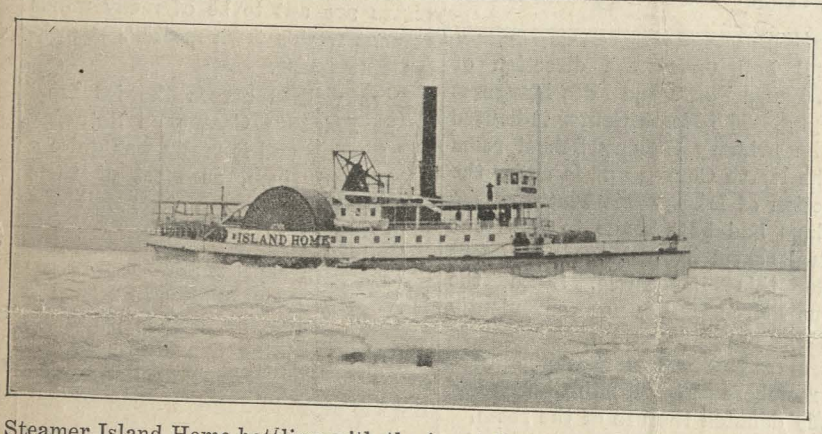
—Alice O. Alle

According to an eminent Li
physician, 2 people die of tubercu
in Portugal every hour.

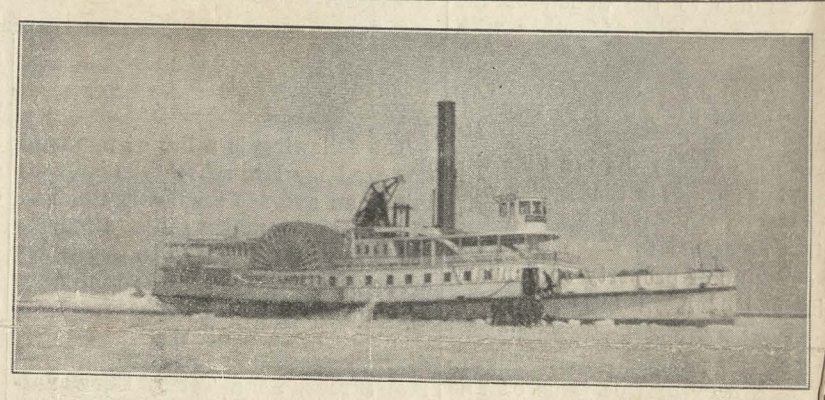

Bishop & Clerks
Succonesset Shoal
L'Hommedieu Shoal
Horseshoe Shoal
Hedge Fence
Cross Shoal
Cape Poge
MARTHA'S VINEYARD
CHAPPAQUIDDICK Is.
Halves Shoal
Long Shoal
Tuckernuck Shoal
Muskeget Channel
Skiffs Is.
Mutton Shoal
Nasque Shoal
Smile Is. Shoal
Muskeget Is.
Tuckernuck Is.
Tuckernuck Bank
Smith's Pt.
Eel Pt.
MADDAKET
Great Neck
Long Pond
Quidnet Rd.
Jetties
The Bar
CLIFF
BLUFF
Further Creek
Harney Creek
Broad Creek
Hither Creek
Sheep Pond
Miacomet Rip
Nobadeer
Maddequecham
Old Man Shoal
Hummock Pond Rd.
Polpis Rd.
Wauwinet
Chord of the Bay
Harbor
Pocomo
Squam
Quidnet
Sesachacha
Sankaty
NANTUCKET
SIASCONSET
Pochick Rip
Tom Never's Head
Bass Rip
Great Point
Point Rip
Monomoy Is.
Pollock Rip
Handkerchief Shoal
Shovelful Shoal
Stone Horse Shoal
Little Round Shoal
Great Round Shoal
Rose & Crown Shoal
Great Rip
Old South Shoal
To South Shoal Lightship 20 Miles
Davis South Shoal
N
W
E
S
SCALE OF MILES
1 2 3 4 5
Life Saving Stations are shown thus:
Humane Society Houses
Lighthouses
Lightships

STEAMERS BATTLING FREEZE-UPS OF YEARS PAST

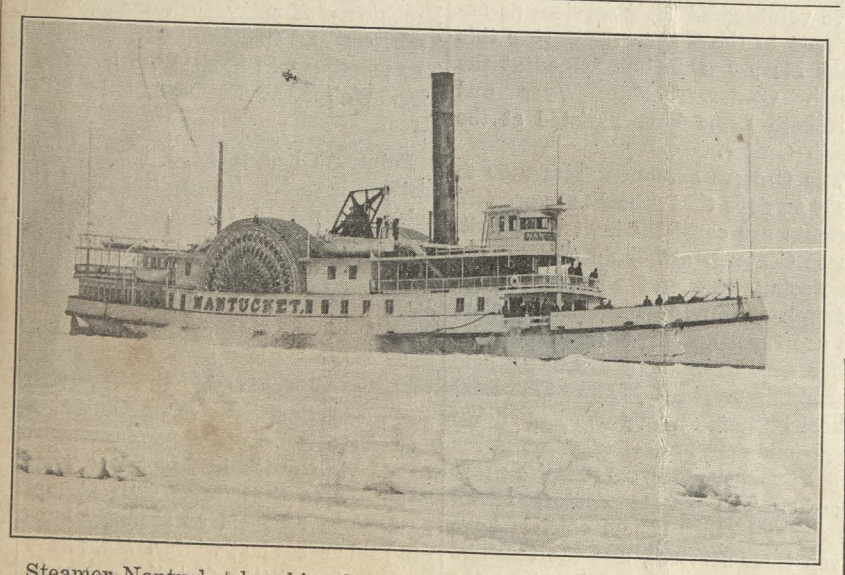
Steamer Sankaty discharging passengers o ver the ice at Brant point, January 2, 1918.



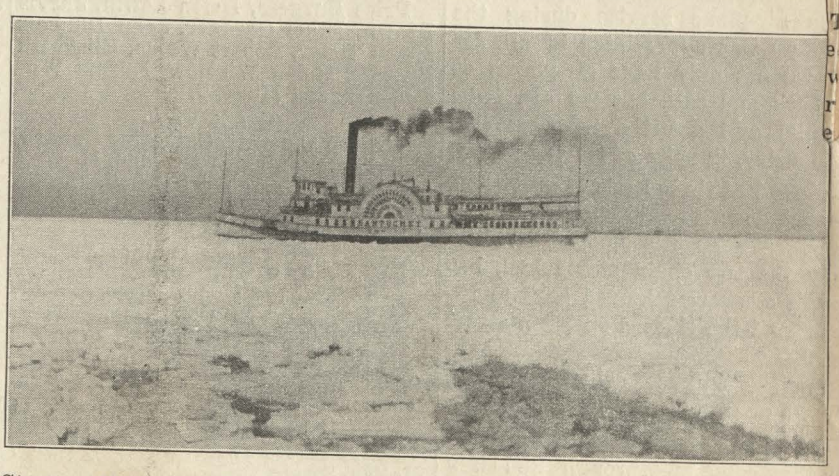
Steamer Island Home battling with the ice at Brant point, February 1, 1893.



Steamer Monnohansett near the jetties, discharging mail and provision onto the ice, February 17, 1899.

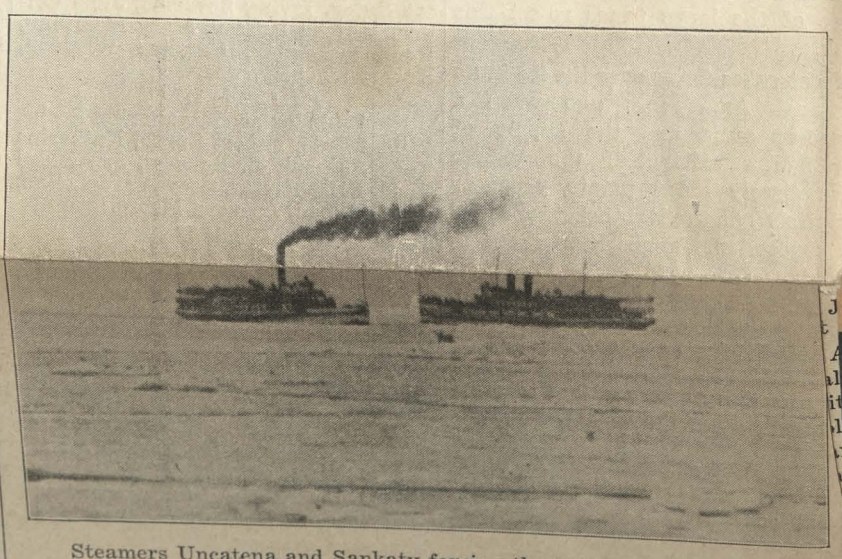
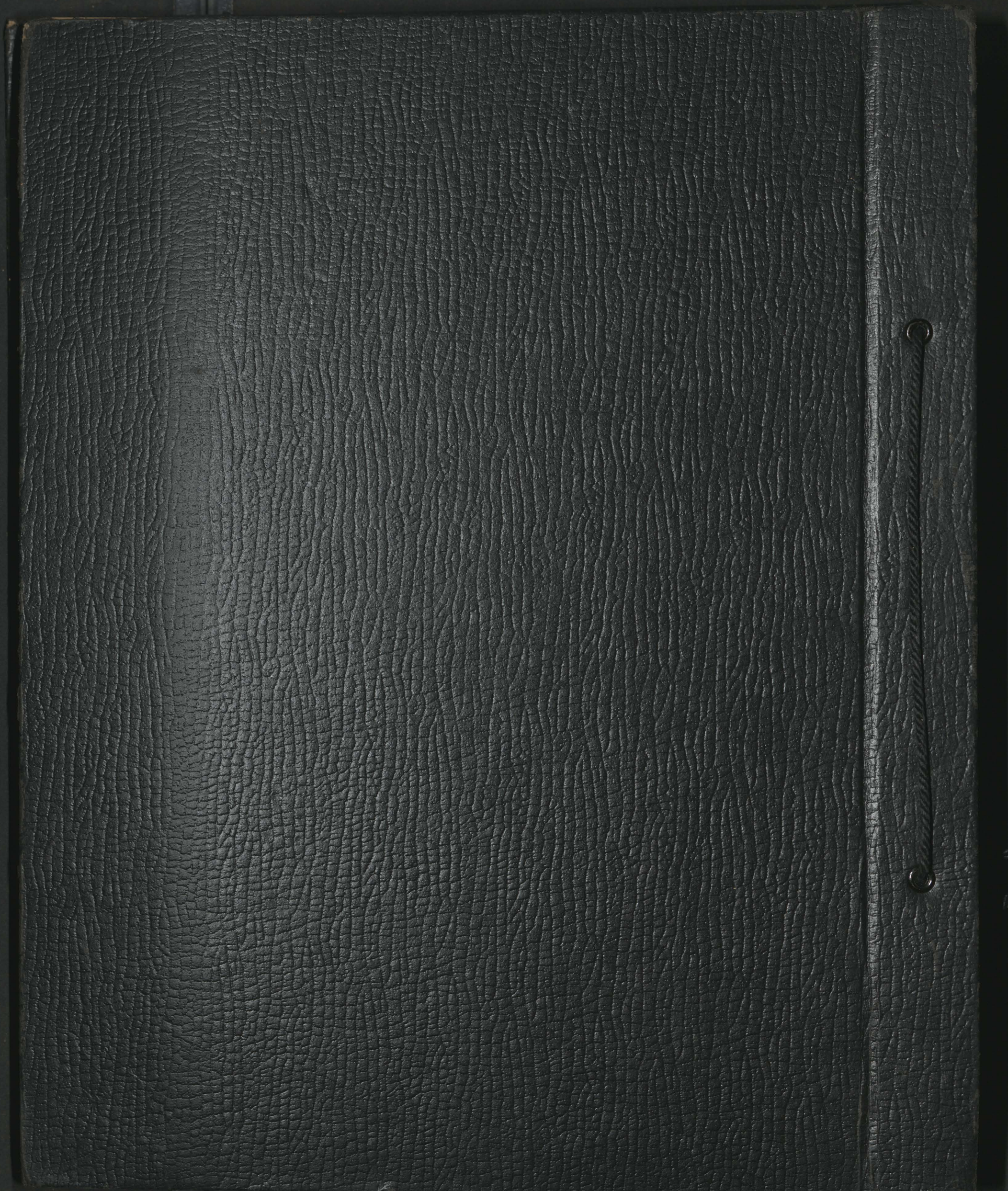


Steamer Nantucket breaking her way into the harbor, February 4, 1912.



Steamer Nantucket forcing her way out of the harbor, February 12, 1908.

Smith's mail wagon at Quidnet in 1912.



Steamers Uncatena and Sankaty forcing the ice blockade, off Beachside, January 11, 1918. Uncatena breaking in and Sankaty breaking out.